

punch

SUMMER
NUMBER

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V
I





The green turf firm underfoot . . . and the flicker of a club-head as it swings full circle. The beckoning flap of a flag over the rise ahead . . . and the fir-scented breeze stirring the waiting, wicked rough. The shoulder muscles slipping smoothly back to a comfortable fatigue . . . the grateful few moments of appraisal before it's time to play through. And for perfection one thing more—



Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/10 • ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

ABDULLA AND CO. LIMITED • 173 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON W1

The Mark VII

POWERED BY THE WORLD-RECORD-
BREAKING JAGUAR XK120 ENGINE

Features. Body design of unparalleled beauty with interior spaciousness affording generous comfort for five passengers. Powered by the famous XK120 engine. Capable of speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h. • Supremely smooth and silent. Wide ranging visibility. • Enormous luggage space (17 cu. ft.) • Vacuum Servo-assisted Brakes. • Light, positive, accurate steering.

Press Opinions. "A world beater... if ever there was one" (*Daily Mail*). "Achieved an objective which previously eluded British Manufacturers... Unmistakably British yet with most modern lines" (*The Times*). "Well over 100 m.p.h. and phenomenal acceleration" (*Daily Telegraph*). "A sleek, streamlined six seater with every luxury fitment imaginable" (*Sporting Life*)



JAGUAR THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD



Call for
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Asking for "Black & White" shows your knowledge of good whisky.

This fine Scotch is smoother and more pleasing because it is blended in the special "Black & White" way.

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SCOTCH WHISKY
The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to H.M. King George VI.



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

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93

**Suede
brogue**

MEN'S STYLE
MU 630



Handsome full brogue in tough, supple brown suede, with heavy ripple crepe sole and ripple crepe edge. Built to "take it" and keep its smart fitting lines through hard country and sports wear.
Price 85/3 free of purchase tax.

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shoes for men & women

Also makers of Victor shoes for women

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MOCCASIN SHOEMAKERS, NORTHAMPTON





Not even in our sleep!

Come away from that keyhole. Quit dropping eaves. We don't even talk in our sleep. Six of us know the secret recipe of Pimm's No. 1 and six stronger, silenter men you've never met. We admit that the finest gin and choicest liqueurs form the basis of Pimm's. But the special ★★★★★ blended with special ★★★★★ are something we shall only disclose to our next-of-Pimm.

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THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



To all Europe . . .

. . . and how easy it all is. Smooth, carefree travel in luxury KLM airliners — no awkward time-schedules — no luggage worries — food and drink served free on board. Wherever you want to go, whether it's a pleasure trip or strictly business, KLM will speed you there, conveniently, comfortably, without fuss. With KLM, it's comfort first and fast to all the principal cities of the Continent.

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KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/204
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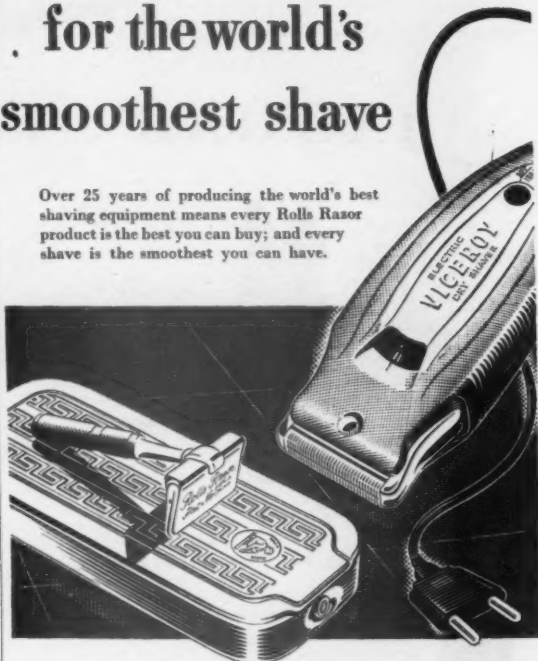
—either way you need a

ROLLS RAZOR

or a VICEROY DRY SHAVER

for the world's smoothest shave

Over 25 years of producing the world's best shaving equipment means every Rolls Razor product is the best you can buy; and every shave is the smoothest you can have.



The ROLLS RAZOR. The hollow-ground blade is honed and stropped in its case, and lasts for years. 43/6d.

The VICEROY Electric Dry Shaver. Universal model, AC/DC 90-250 v., 119/6. AC Model, 200/250v., 96/-.

(Prices inc. P. Tax and apply in U.K. only)

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—then ask for the Viceroy Non-Electric Dry Shaver. (Press the lever and shave!) 90/- inc. P. Tax (U.K. only)

Stocked by local dealers throughout the British Isles.

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Showrooms: 193, Regent Street, London, W.1. (callers only)



The smoker of Sobranie cigarettes neither wishes to be nor can afford to be a chain smoker. He—or she—prefers to enjoy a perfect cigarette with the slow deliberation and the full appreciation of a serious connoisseur, and is pleased to rest blissfully content where the less discriminating are on edge to light up once more. The makers of Sobranie bring to their choice of leaf an hereditary skill which goes back three generations, and the result is a cigarette which matches a Festival mood or satisfies a private taste with complete and equal understanding...

SOBRANIE

To pipe-smokers—who are by nature both loyal and conservative—we dare to offer a challenge. No matter how wedded they may be to excellent tobaccos which do not carry the surname Sobranie—and there are many—we suggest that they will find in Balkan Sobranie Mixture or Balkan Sobranie Virginia No. 10 tobaccos a new smoking experience which they may well wish to repeat. In the Mixture a proportion of rare Yenidje makes all the subtle difference; in the Virginia No. 10 a touch of finest cigar leaf is the added touch of genius, and in either case you may find that the loyalties of a lifetime are not as rigid as you thought.



If you are resident abroad and have any difficulty in obtaining Sobranie Cigarettes and Pipe Tobaccos, kindly write for a free illustrated brochure to

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Lounge Suits

The beauty of ready-to-wear is that you can see the suit on and satisfy yourself as to fit, colour, pattern, cloth, before you buy.



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THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES



"Obviously one of the upper class"

Whether women dress to please men or impress other women may be a debatable point, but there is little doubt that men dress to please themselves. True, the upthrust of prices these days is making it difficult for a man to please even himself. But there is one happy exception. It is still possible to go well shod on all occasions thanks to the exceedingly fine shoes still made below utility ceiling prices by

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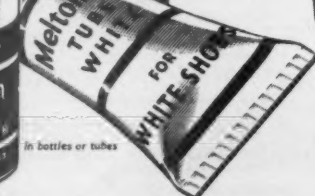
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good treatment...

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SHOE CREAMS & DRESSINGS



for footwear in all walks of life



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really
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1951



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where good
taste and
pleasure meet...

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BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE
SMOKING MIXTURE**

2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD



Funny things have been known to happen at the BBC

when they are not actually broadcasting
the experts on television go into serious huddles
with a view to improving the service
now and again they hit upon a
good idea it seems one of the problems

in outside broadcasts
is hoisting the
aerial really high

in the air at Greenwich
there is a firm which is pretty hot
at making fire escape ladders
from Accles & Pollock's
tubular steel one of these
has been specially adapted for use
on a BBC television van it

goes up aloft in practically no time taking the aerial
with it and the BBC chaps

can have their heads in the clouds
if they want while keeping their feet
on the ground Accles & Pollock say there will
be an absence of technical hitches
and normal service will
be resumed sooner than is possible now.

"Have you a trumpet handy?" is the title
of a book published by Accles & Pollock
which will be sent to anybody who is
seriously anxious to have help through tubes.



**PLUS★
FEATURES
IN ACTION**

*You'd never
think this was a
bumpy road!*

This Midget's new coil spring independent front wheel suspension levels out those bumps as the wheels spin along, whether you're scooting down a country lane or smoothly traversing tram tracks. With bigger comfort-tyres maintaining a constant grip on the road, and new Luvax Girling piston-type shock absorbers, this sturdier framed Midget rides smoothly along whatever the speed or the surface. No doubt about it . . . the Midget's "plus features" have certainly added comfort to M.C. Safety—Fast!



THE 'PLUS FEATURES'



MIDGET . . .

THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD., SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showrooms: University Motors Ltd., Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



Safety Fast!

★ Coil spring independent front wheel suspension is a "plus feature" of the T.D. series M.G. Midget. Other important "plus features" include:

Piston-type shock absorbers.
Wider, sturdier body for roomier seating.
Powerful hydraulic brakes.
Direct-acting, rack and pinion type steering.
Disc wheels with 5.50—15 tyres.
Optional extra luxury fittings.

... and remember its grand sporting record

The Festival Spirit

Let's be gay, Goodbye to sorrow;

Pool today But  tomorrow

THE

Eagle

'Egg laid': that was the full context of a telegram dramatic enough to send Capt. C. W. R. Knight, well-known ornithologist, on a 7,000 mile trip to South Africa. For it meant that, after many attempts, he might at last succeed in photographing the growth of the Martial Hawk Eagle.

Noted for its tremendous wing-span, 'The Lamb-Taker', as it is known by the natives, inhabits the open country. Fierce and rapacious, it exerts a heavy toll on buck and other small game.

ON the road, as in the air, the Eagle is unchallenged. The Goodyear Eagle, mighty in strength and endurance, incomparable in appearance, is without doubt the tyre-building achievement of the age. Every technical advance of recent years is featured in this outstanding tyre. Deeper, tougher tread rubber provides impressive extra mileage. New improved All-Weather Tread design resists every direction of skid, gives quicker, safer stops. Wider, flatter tread area gives bigger grip, slower wear. The handsome reinforced sidewalls protect the tyre body from kerb damage and make cornering steadier than ever before.

The Eagle Tyre by Goodyear, the ultimate in car tyre quality, is the greatest car tyre value ever offered to the motoring world.

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*Uses less current than
an ordinary light bulb!*

*You can see at a glance
- you can't match
FRIGIDAIRE!*



Model OMM-74 (7 cu. ft. capacity). Available from Authorized Frigidaire Dealers, Local Electricity Board Showrooms and major Departmental Stores. Hire Purchase Plans easily arranged.

Look at it outside — then look inside! Look at the Hydrator for storing fruit and vegetables, the convenient Meat Tender compartment, the Super Freezer for frozen foods. And notice the Quickube Ice Trays that slide out easily, release cubes instantly without melting.

Look at all the storage space — actually more storage space in less kitchen space — to give you food-saving protection in any weather. Space-saving design and top-to-bottom refrigeration make this possible. Compare the cost — the cost per cubic foot of storage space — with any other refrigerator on the market!

Every Frigidaire Refrigerator³ is powered by the economical Frigidaire "Meter-Miser" — the simplest cold-making mechanism ever built. It actually uses less current than an ordinary light bulb and is backed by a 5-Year Warranty!



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Sunshine at waking!

You're fresh as the morning when you wake from deep, untroubled Slumberland sleep.

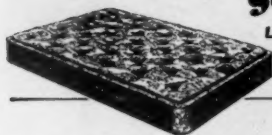
They're so comfortable, the new Slumberlands. The Ortho-flex springing in these non-utility mattresses gives you deeper than ever resilience, instant response to your every change of position. For this springing works on an entirely different principle. Every coil in every spring takes its fair share of weight, right the way through from top to bottom. So no spring gets strained—the glorious 'give' is unending.

When you sleep on Slumberland, all night long you are resting naturally.

There's a lifetime of better sleep in a

Slumberland

Look for the label,
It is your five year guarantee.



A big sparkling jelly is always popular—but for the special occasion or as an extra treat there are all sorts of exciting possibilities such as Jelly Windmills—easily made with

CHIVERS JELLIES

They are flavoured with ripe fruit juices



HAVE you tried 'Ovaltine' Cold? If so, you will know what a deliciously creamy and refreshing drink it is . . . so energizing and sustaining.

If you have yet to try 'Ovaltine' Cold . . . don't delay the happy experience. It is made in a twink! . . . Just add 'Ovaltine' to cold milk, or milk and water, and mix with a whisk—or in a shaker.

Remember that light summer meals are seldom sufficiently nourishing to replace the energy you spend so freely. A glass of cold 'Ovaltine' makes the lightest meal much more nourishing and revitalizing.

For these reasons 'Ovaltine' Cold is the perfect Summer drink for every member of the family . . . and how the children love it! It provides the health-giving quality and the economy which have made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage.

Improve the Shining Hours with OVALTINE

MIXED **COLD**

The Perfect Summer Drink

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6

Be sure you ask for 'Ovaltine', Hot or Cold, at
Cafés, Restaurants, Bathing Pools and Milk Bars.



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Embodies all the delicate charm of tiny flowers for your most feminine fragile moods. It is a fragrance of aristocratic daintiness.

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AND OTHER HIGH CLASS STORES AND BEAUTY SALONS

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and yet
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LAN-AIR-CEL blankets, loveliest of all! Soft, light and wonderfully warm. We make them in four gentle colours and in cream, with matching satin bindings, or with whipped ends—whichever you prefer.



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If you have travelled in the de-luxe cabins of the "Queen Mary", the "Queen Elizabeth", or the "Caronia", you will remember the feather-light perfection of LAN-AIR-CEL blankets.

All the best stores sell them. They are guaranteed for 10 years.

LAN-AIR-CEL

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for!*



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BENDIX
Automatic HOME WASHER

Featuring gentle tumble action washing. Thermostatic Control and thrifty water rationer.

BENDIX soaks, washes, rinses, drains itself, damp dries clothes and switches off — ALL AUTOMATICALLY.

Supplies to the home market are limited — place your order immediately to avoid a long delay.

Write for leaflet and address of your nearest dealer.

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES LTD (DEPT E)
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STAPLES MATTRESS
for perfect sleep

SUPPORTS THE SPINE STRAIGHT

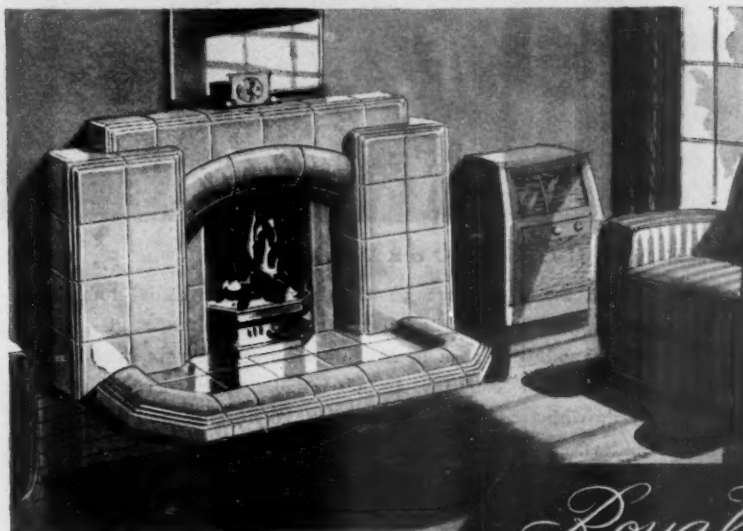


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. . . The warm tracery of Summer sunlight steals further into the room bringing to life all the delicate colours and hidden charm of your Royal Venton Fireplace—in Summer and Winter the pride of your home.



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pleasure on the White Horse bottle from Scotland. Quiet, unobtrusive — almost staid — it is at its most distinguished in more gaudy company. And if you judge by experience you will know that the White Horse bottle is very properly dressed. For here, if ever there was one, is a right honourable whisky.



WHITE HORSE
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For Men Who Know Good Clothes



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The man who smokes CRAVEN MIXTURE finds full and constant satisfaction in its mellow goodness, for this traditionally famous tobacco maintains the same high qualities which distinguished the original formula blended 150 years ago. Cool smoking and slow burning, with a charming fragrance all its own CRAVEN MIXTURE is acknowledged one of the finest tobaccos ever made and its smooth, rich flavour is deeply appreciated by cultured men the world over.



4/6d. an ounce in Fine Cut or Double Broad Cut.
Packed in 1 oz. foil packets, 2-oz. and 4-oz. airtight tins.

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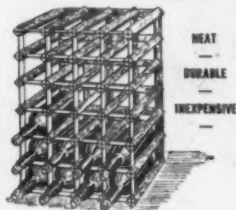
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This golden-tanned, good-looking briefcase makes *THE* most accommodating secretary on overnight business trips. During travelling, it holds your magazines unfolded in a deep, outside slip-pocket; at conferences, it keeps foolscap folders and business papers neatly to hand in two capacious compartments; and at bedtime produces your pyjamas and toothbrush from a private zip-sealed compartment. Measuring 12" x 18", with leather lining, lever lock and fittings of solid brass, this versatile briefcase makes a handsome buy at only £7.10.0., post free.

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That tradition of British craftsmanship which men like Thomas Mudge, inventor of the lever escapement, helped to establish, is today inherent in every detail of Smiths fine English 15 Jewel Watches. They compare in reliability and quality with the best the world can offer.

All good Jewellers sell them.

With stainless steel cases from £7.19.6 to £9.2.6
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1215

TWELVE FIFTEEN

15 Jewel movement in stainless
steel case
Price £7.19.6 including P.T.



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The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd



I love

MARIE BRIZARD
APRY

the liqueur of
the Apricot



★ Available from Wine Merchants and Stores
throughout the United Kingdom.

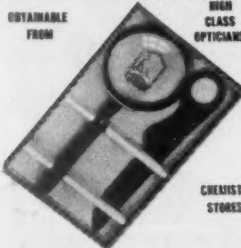
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Punch, July 2 1951

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HIGH CLASS OPTICIANS

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SUPREME (Illustrated) Hand-Made Reader, 7 1/2" long, 3" diameter lens and 7 1/2" Paper Knife, 1 1/2" diameter lens. Colours, Imitation Shell, Blue, Red, Green, Ivory. Price including Purchase Tax, 37/6.
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shirts by

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HOMES**

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Feeding 7,000 boys and girls calls for a deep purse! May we feed a child in your name for a few days?

10/- will buy one child's food for five days.

Cheques etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 4 BARNARDO HOUSE, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.



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"Take that grin off your mask, Osbert! This is no time for canine levity. For ten sweltering miles I've talked you out of trouble—from the Colonel's chickens to the postman's trouser-leg . . . Hawkins! Rose's! Jorums of it—before I behave in an un-English fashion to our four-legged friend!"

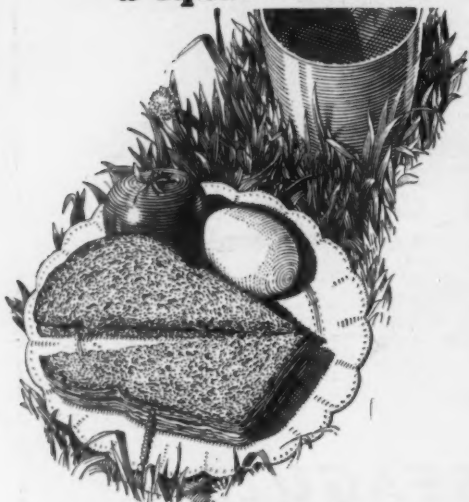


ROSE'S LIME JUICE

makes thirst worth while



Any meal
a square meal



and thank Hovis
for that

in Life's race . .



**Victory is
to the strong**

That is why a Cow & Gate constitution is the best insurance policy that you can give your child. It is also the gilt-edged investment upon which there can be no capital levy. Only the very best is good enough for your baby's start in life.



COW & GATE 1885

THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES



Marmite
in a sandwich makes it a

Grandwich! Amazing, the extra tastiness a little Marmite gives to a cheese sandwich! Adds goodness too, because it gives you extra Vitamin B. Try Marmite in any savoury or salad sandwich—it's grand.



★ Pure concentrate. Extract of yeast, flavoured with fine vegetables and fragrant spices—that's Marmite. Use it in making Soups, Stews, Pies or Gravy; spread it on toast for tea or breakfast; mix a spoonful with hot milk as a bedtime drink. Marmite does you good anyway!

OBTAINABLE IN JARS FROM ALL GROCERS AND CHEMISTS



HOT DAY FOR WALKING, SIR

says OLD HETHERS

It's that last hundred yards climb that does it, Sir, just when you think you're here. But I've got the cure for that thirst—Robinson's Barley Water. Its cool smoothness is so refreshing, a regular tonic as well as a drink.



Robinson's
Lemon or Orange
BARLEY WATER



is there a fairy inside, Mummy?

Who puts the light on, Mummy? (says Jane). Who makes the water into ice? Is there a fairy inside? Will we have ice-cream for breakfast and dinner and tea and . . . ? Is that snow, Mummy? Mummy, can I have some ice-cream now?

Yes, the Prestcold is a source of wonder to Jane at four years old. A source of wonder and excitement and mouth-watering delight. But to her Mummy,

it's so much more than that. It's protection and safety and peace of mind. Protection for all family foodstuffs. No worries about the children's milk. Economy, too—for food no longer goes to waste.

Can you afford not to have a Prestcold? Think it over. Talk it over. Compare. You'll find, as so many other parents have, that a Prestcold is just the finest refrigerator you can buy.

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Prestcold Commercial Refrigeration equipment for the Grocer, Butcher, Fishmonger, etc., is readily available for immediate delivery—and covers every possible need. Consult your Area Distributor or write direct to Pressed Steel Company Limited, London Office & Showrooms, Sceptre House, 169 Regent Street, W.1

keeps good food good



The advertisement features a central illustration of a chair with a high, ornate backrest. A large, dark fabric with a subtle pattern is draped over the seat and cascades down to the floor. To the left of the chair, a large roll of wallpaper with a diamond-shaped pattern is unrolled, with the patterned strip extending upwards and across the top of the frame. The background is a plain, light color.

SANDERSON

*wallpapers
and
fabrics*

The right contrast can mean perfect
harmony . . . the best way is to choose
wallpapers and fabrics *together* . . .
In Sanderson's showrooms you can
see them side by side.

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD.,

52/53 Berners Street, London W.1 • 6/7 Newton Terrace, Glasgow, C.3.

Preservation—without REFRIGERATION:

THE
"KEPKOLD"★ does NOT
PATENT N° 519607 require



electricity, gas,
chemicals or ice

The KEPKOLD is simple—but extremely efficient—it is operated solely by water (about one pint per day). There are no upkeep costs and nothing to get out of order. Thousands of housewives appreciate the simple efficiency of this method of food preservation—you really should enquire about it. KEPKOLD is portable and can be used in Home, Caravan, Yacht or Tent.

Temperature going UP!

KEPKOLD BUTTER COOLER

keeps butter fresh and in perfect condition on the hottest day, in Stone, Coral, Green, & Blue. Price £11 plus 1.8 postage.



"THE PANTRY"

Finished Cream Enamel and Chromium plated fittings. Price £18.4.11, incl. P.T. Carriage (void to all parts of U.K.)

Write to-day, don't put it off, for illustrated folder giving full particulars of all "Kepkold" models and Kepkold Butter Cooler, it will amply repay you.

KEPKOLD LTD.

(Dept. 44)

23, CARNABY STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (GERRAD 8514)

★ **KEPKOLD LTD.** are the originators of the evaporation method of keeping food fresh.



"Look for the name
M^cVitie and Price'
—that's what
Granny always
says
about biscuits"

**DIGESTIVE
Sweet Meal
BISCUITS by**

**M^cVITIE
& PRICE**



Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

M^cVITIE & PRICE LTD. • EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

A toothbrush a tent—

Do you want a bell tent? Did you forget your toothbrush? Have you a craving for a city of amber ants? You can get them all (and the best of everything else, whether it's Bay Rum or bedspreads, pianos or pepper-pots) at the Army & Navy, one of London's finest stores—and only a stroll across Westminster Bridge from the Festival exhibition

—AND A PLACE TO BROWSE

It's pleasant to shop at the Army & Navy: there's plenty of space for browsing, elbow-room at the counters when you've made up your mind. And if the Festival has been too much for your feet, you'll enjoy a cup of tea—or a full and festive meal with a glass of wine in the Empire Room

By the way, if you don't believe in our 'city of amber ants', ask in the pet shop for a formicarium. It costs 37/6

Army & Navy Stores

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

VICTORIA STREET SW1 • VICTORIA 1234

5 minutes from Victoria Station

Near the Exhibition
the Houses of Parliament • the Abbey
the Royal Parks
Buckingham Palace and Westminster Cathedral

School for Mothers



SHE was a young farm-labourer's wife, and she faced a charge of child neglect. Inexperienced, harassed by the demands of three small children, discouraged by wretched living conditions, she had become utterly apathetic. We were asked to help, and with her youngest child we sent her to "Mayflower", our training home for neglectful mothers. In healthy, restful surroundings she soon responded to the kindly guidance she found there, and at cooking, cleaning, sewing, housekeeping, child-care she proved a willing pupil. When the time came for her to rejoin the family—now decently housed—she was all a mother and a housewife should be.

"Mayflower" has proved a most valuable social experiment; many mothers, whose only faults were ignorance and inexperience, have been helped there. The work of The Salvation Army is still dependent upon individual generosity. Will you help, by donation or legacy? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.,

101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4

WHERE THERE'S NEED . . .

The Salvation Army

**Such a treasure to the Housewife
so full of goodness . . . so delicious**

Discriminating housewives treasure this bottle. They know how good its contents are. Not only is Idris appetising, cooling and refreshing, but it is wholesome and health-giving. Be sure to ask for Idris by name.

TRY IT—AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

IDRIS

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

LEMON, ORANGE, LIME, GRAPE FRUIT—SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE ROYAL NAVY, ROYAL AIR FORCE, ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE, ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE, ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY, ROYAL AUSTRALIAN ARMY, ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE, ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVY, ROYAL AUSTRALIAN ARMY



THE *Only*

**AUTOMATIC WATCH
OPERATING ON A
BALL-BEARING**

The unique ball-bearing mechanism of ETERNA-MATIC ladies' and men's watches ensures noiseless self-winding with over 40 hours' reserve power. The lady's model, illustrated, priced at £28, has a stainless steel case, 17-jewels, non-magnetic, shock-proof, water-proof movement, centre seconds-hand and silvered dial. Other ETERNA-MATIC ladies' models include the smallest Automatic watch yet produced. Ask for particulars of ETERNA-MATIC and ETERNA watches at any high-class watchmakers.

Sole Distributors for Great Britain
and Northern Ireland (Wholesale only)

ROBERT PRINGLE & SONS
36-42 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

**N°5
CHANEL
PARIS**

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME . . .

CHANEL

SUCHARD
Velma
PLAIN CHOCOLATE

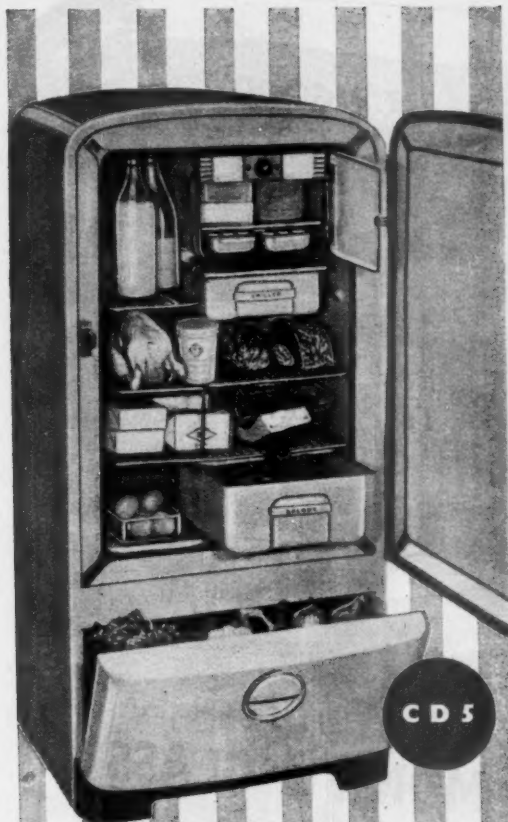
Bittra
BITTER SWEET CHOCOLATE

THE ORIGINAL *Swiss*
PROCESS CHOCOLATE
Famous since 1826!
SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD.,
LONDON S.E.16

**IFCO
BATHROOM
FURNITURE**
IS
SUPREME

Stocked by All
Leading
Stores

LIST FREE FROM
IFCO LTD LIVERPOOL 3



CD 5

9ft. shelf area
interior light
stainless steel freezer
Colderator designed sealed system
guaranteed for 5 years

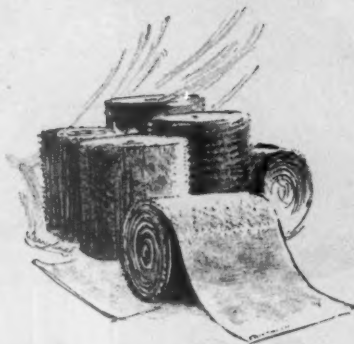
COLDERATOR

INTERNATIONAL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY LTD

Stanhope House, Kean Street WC2
and at Llandudno Junction

Member of the A&F group of companies

Holloway Brothers
(LONDON) LTD



WILTON CARPET
in exclusive colours

to be seen at their
recently enlarged
showrooms at 43 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET

L O N D O N . W . I .
Telephones: GROsvenor 3962-3-4-5

Head Office: Bridge Wharf, Millbank, S.W.1

The pleasures of the Festival..



It's not necessarily *how much* you eat, but just as likely *what* you eat, that brings on indigestion; hurried meals and worry are other causes. 150 years ago "Dr. Jenner's" won world fame for the speedy relief of indigestion.

The stress of modern life and diet restrictions make the need for "Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges" equally great to-day. Prices 1/7 & 3/9 from Chemists, or address below.

Dr. JENNER'S
for indigestion

Send a post-card for Free Sample in Case.

Savory & Moore Ltd., 71, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1



'5-Star' Motoring

What does it mean?

'Five-Star' Motoring means Ford leadership. Every Ford owner gets the greatest possible satisfaction out of his motoring at the lowest possible cost. Here are the factors which contribute to that end:—

★
PRECISION ENGINEERING IN EVERY PART OF A FORD CAR

★
LOW INITIAL COST.

★
LOW MAINTENANCE COSTS.

★
LONG CAR-LIFE.

★
NATION-WIDE DEALER SERVICE.

That last point is particularly important to-day. To keep older models at their maximum efficiency Ford Service is always near at hand.

Motoring is '5-Star' Motoring

THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • DAGENHAM

IT'S GOOD!



IT'S JOLLY
GOOD!



IT'S
MONK & GLASS
CUSTARD

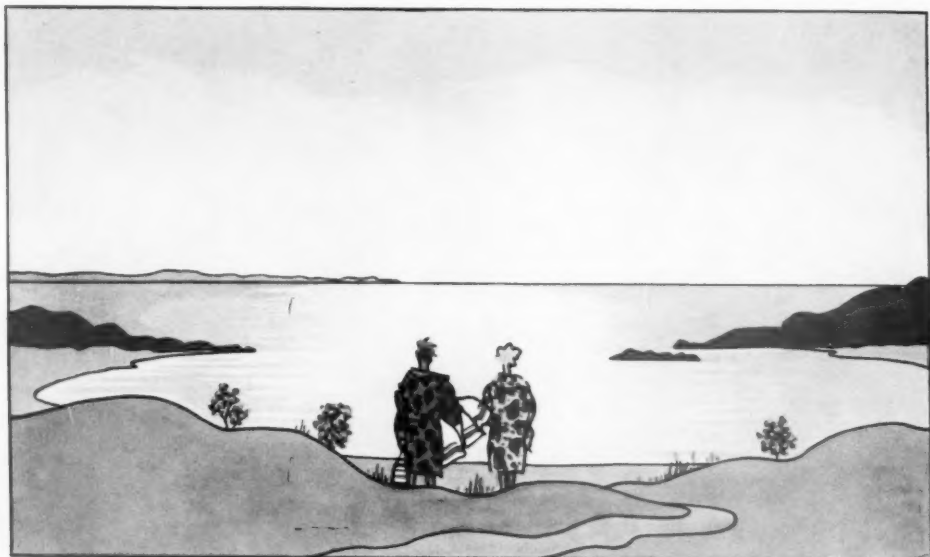


JELLIES
TOO!

Monk & Glass Table Jellies have
long been favourites for flavour.



In the middle of summer it's hard to believe—



—that there could ever be such terrible winter storms—



—in the middle of summer.

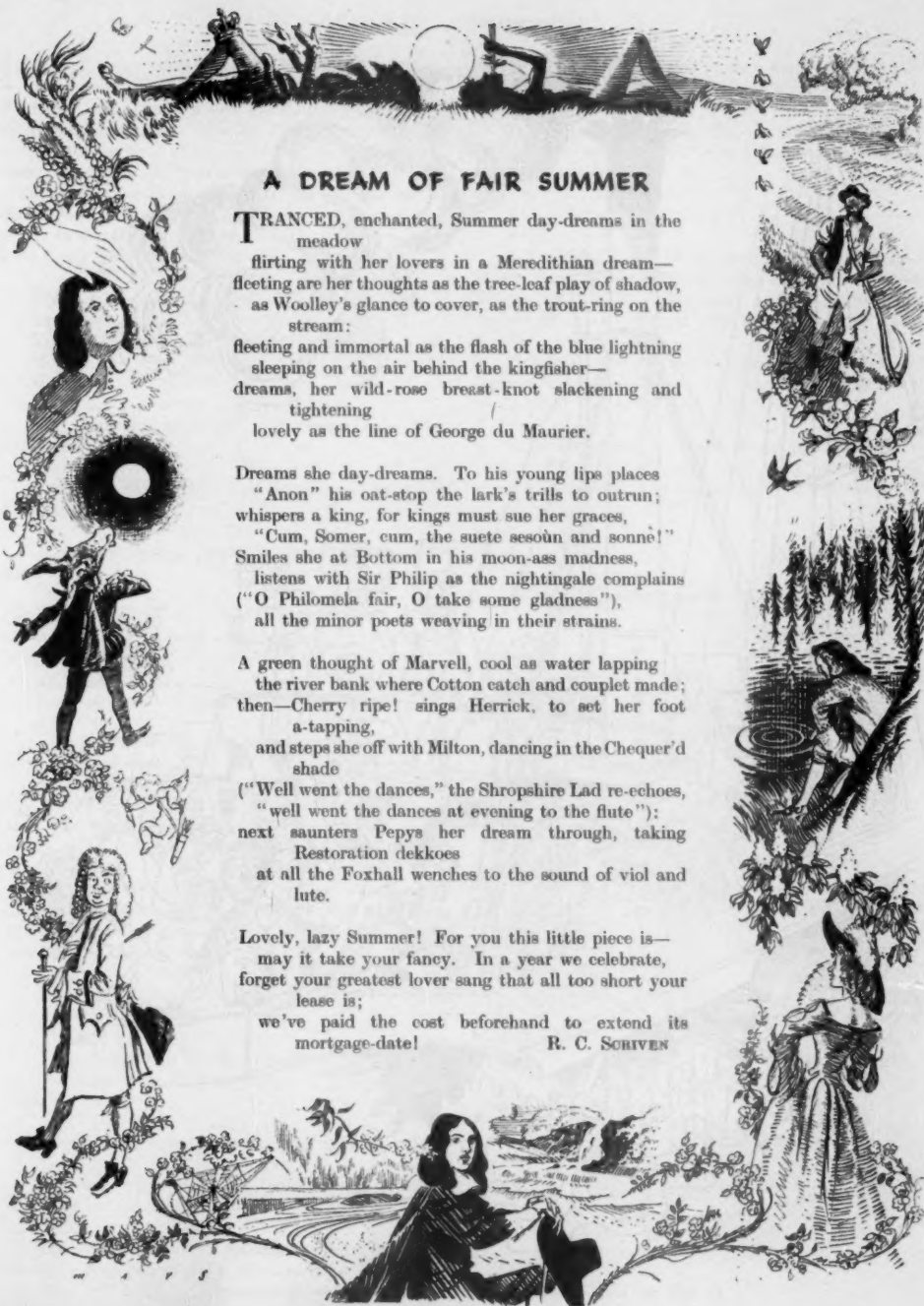
A DREAM OF FAIR SUMMER

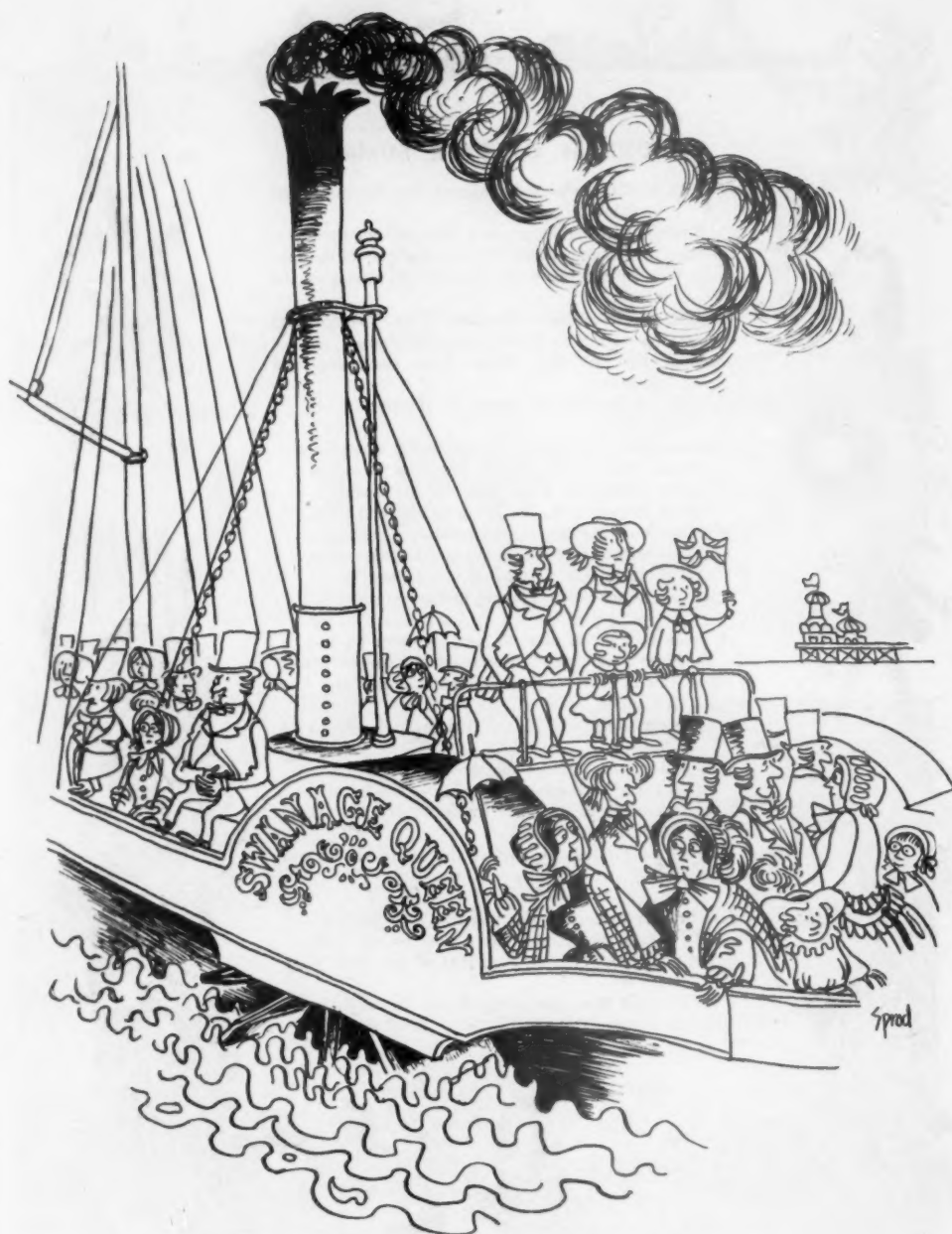
TRANCED, enchanted, Summer day-dreams in the meadow
flirting with her lovers in a Meredithian dream—
fleeing as her thoughts as the tree-leaf play of shadow,
as Woolley's glance to cover, as the trout-ring on the stream:
fleeing and immortal as the flash of the blue lightning
sleeping on the air behind the kingfisher—
dreams, her wild-rose breast-knot slackening and
tightening
lovely as the line of George du Maurier.

Dreams she day-dreams. To his young lips places
"Anon" his oat-stop the lark's trills to outrun;
whispers a king, for kings must sue her graces,
"Cum, Somer, cum, the suete sesoun and sonne!"
Smiles she at Bottom in his moon-ass madness,
listens with Sir Philip as the nightingale complains
("O Philomela fair, O take some gladness"),
all the minor poets weaving in their strains.

A green thought of Marvell, cool as water lapping
the river bank where Cotton catch and couplet made;
then—Cherry ripe! sings Herrick, to set her foot
a-tapping,
and steps she off with Milton, dancing in the Chequer'd
shade
("Well went the dances," the Shropshire Lad re-echoes,
"well went the dances at evening to the flute"):
next saunters Pepys her dream through, taking
Restoration dekkoes
at all the Foxhall wenches to the sound of viol and
lute.

Lovely, lazy Summer! For you this little piece is—
may it take your fancy. In a year we celebrate,
forget your greatest lover sang that all too short your
lease is;
we've paid the cost beforehand to extend its
mortgage-date!
R. C. SCRIVEN





"I do hope we don't cross the Line; there's that dreadful ceremony."

HORSE OPERETTA

INTO the dusty main street of Wagons Creek there rode a man. He was tall, if you added the height of the horse, and about his slim waist hung two six-guns with mother-o'-pearl handles. There were many curious glances flung at him as he rode in. He stopped outside the Eldorado Saloon and dismounted. A quiet word to his horse and it cantered away up the street to the stables. Hitching up his guns, the stranger was about to mount the steps of the saloon when a small keen-faced man stopped him:

You a stranger round these parts, stranger?

Yep.

You aim to stay long?

Yep.

What you aim to do?

Bring law and order to Wagons Creek.

You know this place ain't big enough fer you an' Black Morgan?

Yep.

You know the sheriff's a good but weak man with a pretty daughter?

Yep.

An' Black Morgan cloaks his banditry behind his good name?

Yep.

You know if you go in there Morgan will be playing cards with half a dozen villainous-looking men round him, all with guns?

Yep.

You know that Morgan will tell you to git?

Yep.

And that when you face up to him he will rise and turn the table over?

Yep.

And that imperceptibly, so that the audience can see but you never can, he will incline his head at two of his men?

Yep.

And that whilst Morgan is playing on your disinclination to draw first these two men will be working their way behind you and that you will not hear the warnings of the audience?

Yep.

But you will see them in time through the mirror at the back of the bar?

Yep.

You will no doubt toss them both over your shoulder, at the same time kicking Morgan's gun out of his hand?

Yep.

You will of course have drawn your own guns?

Yep.

And the whole cowering bunch of them will be standing behind Morgan with raised hands?

Yep.

Morgan's face will be working and he will back out of the saloon followed by his henchmen?

Yep.

You will dust down your clothes, which aren't really dusty, and push your hat back on your head?

Yep.

You will call for drinks for everyone present and listen to the warnings of the few honest but helpless men in the place?

Yep.

You will not drink yourself?

Nope.

You will walk out of the saloon and whistle your horse, which will come loping round the corner, and you will mount him at the canter, and thereafter in a variety of unconventional ways?

Yep.

Then will follow a sort of game between you and Morgan, during which you will ride fast and furiously at all times of the day and night?

Yep.

More than once in some miraculous fashion the bullets of Morgan will miss you, or, at most, slightly graze you, so that you can struggle to your feet and



say to the sheriff's daughter, it's no more'n a scratch, ma'am, and ride off again?

Yep.

You will listen to the entreaties of the sheriff's daughter, and talk to the weak but kindly old man about the hold Morgan has over him, and show him that his duty both to the community and his daughter is to face Morgan without fear?

Yep.

He will do this and be slightly wounded by either Morgan or one of his men?

Yep.

His daughter will be abducted by Morgan and taken to his hide-out?

Yep.

You will find the old man and applaud his courage and help him to his office?

Yep.

The old man will tell you not to worry about him. He will look very worried, but there will be a new light in his face. He will tell you fer God's sake to go git Mary?

Yep.

You will go, and at the hide-out a terrific fight will follow, conducted on strictly traditional lines, during

which Morgan will break several chairs over your head, until with a final crushing blow you fell Morgan for the last time?

Yep.

You will walk towards the door; your arm will be round the girl. The sun will be setting and you will walk down the trail together?

Yep.

Sometimes you will kiss the girl, or at least it looks as though you do behind your hat, which you will hold up so that it hides your faces?

Yep.

Sometimes your horse will stroll up to do the same job, and we will see a shot of your feet and see that the girl is on the tip of her toes?

Yep.

Whichever it is, it will be obvious that you have brought law an' order to Wagons Creek?

Yep.

The small keen-faced man looked up into the stranger's face. He jerked his head in the direction of the double doors of the Eldorado Saloon. He said:

O.K., stranger, I guess you kin go in.



"You'll enjoy them even more when we get a projector."



"Excuse me, which is the queue for Brighton?"



HEAVE HO ON THE LADDER!

OF TWO DAYS BEFORE THE MAST

LATE one afternoon towards the middle of the present century young Tom Merriwhether strolled blithely along the streets of the old port of C—don. Many a navigator's daughter rolled her dark eyes at his sturdy frame and frank face, but rolled them in vain, for Tom, a simple riveter from the hinterland visiting for a day the great city from which argosies left for all parts of the globe, had thoughts only for Ruth, a milk-bar attendant. As he mused on her fair features, rather unconstructively if truth must be told, our hero, for such he is, wandered imperceptibly into the Old Town, where the "low-shoremen," as they were called, lived in their villainous little prefabricated hovels: here was assembled the riff-raff of the world's fleets—brutal Americans, fierce Norwegians, and the band of Dutch desperadoes known as the KLM.

As evening drew on Tom's footsteps strayed down a dark alley. Scarcely had he penetrated into the

treacherous cul-de-sac when he heard a scurrying of feet behind him, a tarpaulin was deftly unfurled over his head, a blackjack rose and fell, and he knew no more.

When he came to himself a few minutes later he heard one of his captors say in harsh tones "This young gamecock will be a welcome addition to the crew of the *Barbican*." At this dastardly speech a thrill of horror shot through the lad—he had been shanghaied by the Press Gang (or, as it was sometimes called with grim familiarity, "The Prang"), and the *Barbican* was notorious as the least savoury craft that plied its trade from C—don. Nobody was within hail to hear his high-spirited appeals for speedy physical assistance, and in less time than it takes my unskilful ball-point to narrate Tom was unloaded aboard the *Barbican*.

As soon as he saw that his crew was complete the infamous Captain Weevil gave his curt orders.

"Is all ready?"

"It is, sire."

"Then heave ho on the ladder and let us away."

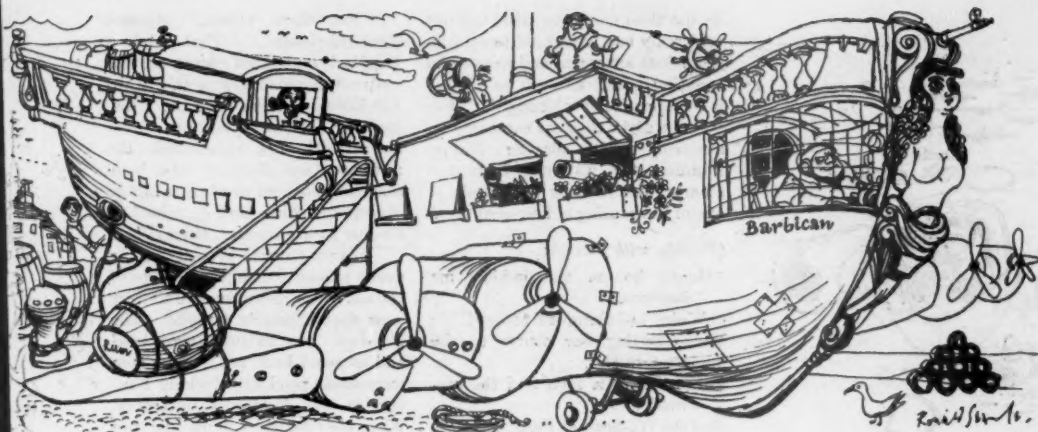
The mighty vessel moved forwards majestically, and the towers and masts of C—don were soon lost to sight over the horizon.

CHAPTER II

As soon as the aeroplane was on its course Captain Weevil stalked aft.

"Well, my young cub," he sneered with horrid geniality, "so you have joined my crew. You will find the life hard, but if you know what's good for you, you will soon find your feet."

Tom vouchsafed no reply to these cynical monosyllables, and with a foul oath the captain consigned him to the care of the first mate, a wild Irishman called Aer Lingus. There followed a day in which the severity of his physical exertions was matched and even exceeded by that of his mental torments. Under the eye of the mate Tom was compelled to perform all the most menial duties of the air—scraping ice from the propellers with an old razor blade, strapping the haughty officers into their seats, and sending out scores of sinister invitations for the air hostess, Mrs. Weevil. This cruel life had lasted for five long hours before the deadly monotony of the voyage was



interrupted, and this was the manner of it.

Tom had been chipping the paint from the port wing with a blunt stick, pausing ever and again to wipe a tear from his eye as he was overcome by the melancholy recollection of the rivet-factory he now never hoped to see again, or of the winsome grace of Ruth as she dispensed Banana Wonders to the young and eupletic. Suddenly he noticed inside the wing itself (*O shudder!*) a human shoe!! He uttered a manly cry of amazement. Instantly the first mate was on the scene, reeking, as usual, of the fumes of tomato juice.

"By the blood and bones of Blériot!" he exclaimed, as far as Tom could hear. "A stowaway in the west wing! Come, cap'n, here's some sport." As he spoke he dragged a young man from the wing.

"You snivelling groundlubber," snarled Weevil. "For this there is but one penalty."

"Keelhauling, cap'n?" suggested the mate hopefully.

"No. He shall—walk the wing."

At this ruffianly speech the young man, whose name was Eugene, fainted. When he had been revived by callous doses of sal volatile Captain Weevil began to prod him with a sharp alpenstock, ignoring the protests of the navigator who, although unprincipled, had occasional spasms of remorse.

All at once the radar operator gave warning of a plane nearby, and all eyes turned to see, silhouetted against the sunset, a large freighter, bound for the Golden West and heavily laden with costly exports.

At once the crew forgot Eugene and sprang into action. The window boxes were swung away to reveal a wicked array of airguns, the crew with an adroit movement caused their buttons to bear the terrifying symbol OVOH, men hastily painted a skull and crossbones on each wing, and the trailing streamer "WEEVIL FOR UNOSTENTATIOUS LUXURY" was replaced by one bearing the legend "SURRENDER FORTHWITH UNLESS YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY OFFERS UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE COVER FOR DEATH RESULTING FROM AERIAL PIRACY." The truth smote Tom like a blow with a wet windsock. The *Barbican* was a pirate ship and Captain Weevil was The Vulture.

CHAPTER III

Soon they closed with the hapless cargo plane, the crew of which, after throwing a few desultory fireworks, surrendered and passed the precious freight up to the *Barbican*. Captain Weevil summoned the navigator.

"Mr. Navigator," he drawled with hideous courtesy, "I intend to place you in command of our prize with this wretched stowaway for crew."

Pausing only to collect his pyjamas and the gyro-compass the navigator swarmed down the rope ladder followed by Eugene, while The Vulture watched them with an inscrutable smirk.

At their approach the craven merchantmen took to their parachutes, leaving the navigator alone with Eugene. Captain Weevil's smirk grew even less scrutable.

"Sire," cried the navigator, "these lubbers have broached the petrol barricoes. There is not much above a flagon on board."

"So much the worse for you then, you sliderule-livered poltroon. I'll have no humanitarians aboard





my craft. Heave ho on the ladder, men, and leave the canting chart-basher and his mate to rot on Devil's Runway."

Tom's heart, that versatile organ, ran hot and cold, but he was powerless, for the *Barbican* banked away from the freighter, leaving the navigator and Eugene in pitiful contemplation of their last remaining drops of petrol.

Reader, have you ever during the sultry afternoon on some lonely moor or bypass known what it is to long desperately for the relief which even that half-gallon of petrol would bring which just now you have squandered heedlessly on your pleasures? Imagine then the dismal reflections of wretches marooned on an inhospitable air-strip for weeks on end with no petrol whatsoever.

That night Tom, as the greenest of greenhorns, was harshly treated

by the older men, who, although not all wholly bad, delighted to set him capricious anagrams and to ask him taunting questions such as "What is the opposite of 'although'?" Far into the night they sat carousing on aviation spirit, playing Happy Families for National Insurance stamps, and bawling the refrain of one of the rousing old air-chanteyes.

(Briskly, with feeling):

"Heave ho on the ladder, me hearties,
We're ta-haking off to-day!
We're setting our course to the western sky,
For the glass is high and the sea-weed's dry,
And the We-heather Forecast (ff) is all my eye!
Up ladder, heave ho, and away."

CHAPTER IV

With this foul ditty dinning in his ears Tom fell into an uneasy slumber, only to wake at midnight, since the image of Ruth serving Aubergine Sundaes tortured him even in sleep. The great plane was cruising above the desolate wastes of New South Wales. All was still, except of course for the sound of the engines. Noticing that the mate on watch was drowsy our hero stole unobserved towards the nose of the *Barbican*. Waiting until the mate's stertorous snores proclaimed him a victim of Morpheus, Tom cautiously placed a sample rivet (which he carried in a locket out of loyalty to his old master) beside the magnetic compass. The veriest groundlubber will realize that at this the deviation became totally unpredictable. When the mate awoke he was annoyed, though hardly surprised, to notice that the plane was 180 degrees off course. He corrected the error and then returned to his dozing, while Tom crept back to his hammock to await the morning.

When dawn broke The Vulture was powerfully excited, for he had a rendezvous with other aeroplanes of his own malevolent persuasion. Soon he cried, with repulsive excitement, "Planes ahoy! There they are—and the cliffs I see must be those of Queen Maud Land, bless her dear old heart."

"No, thou villain," rejoined Tom fearlessly. "That land is England, and those planes are the entire flying strength of the Royal Air Force. In the foremost I discern my old master and my sweet-heart Ruth, not to mention the navigator and Eugene, who have doubtless escaped death in a highly diverting fashion, and contrived to set out to my rescue. Huzza!"

In vain Captain Weevil tried to evade pursuit, but in the absence of the navigator he was unable to steer even approximately straight. The *Barbican* was swiftly surrounded and escorted back to C—don, Tom meanwhile prudently locking himself in the Captain's bathroom. When they landed you may be sure that Tom, now a full six inches taller and broad in proportion, had a glad reunion with Ruth and his old master, who promptly offered him a partnership in the rivet works in return for a really very moderate provision of capital.

So Tom's voyage brought him fortune and happiness, amply demonstrating that a steadfast heart, suitably aided by coincidence and elementary physics, will probably conquer all.



BUSINESS LUNCH

"Is that Jones? Smith speaking. Could you spare me a minute sometime to talk about the X Y and Z? Good. Now I dare say you're just as busy as I am, so what about lunching together at the Lucullissimus next Tuesday, and then—



we can discuss—



the weather and the Festival of Britain—



and the cost of living and cricket—



and the theatre and the harvest—



and the world situation and Goodwood—



and the Government and golf—



and then, when we discover that it's nearly three o'clock, we can—



fix up another lunch and take the affair a stage further."



INDUSTRIOUS JOURNEY

WHEN I arrived at Treakleton-on-Sea I was shamefully ignorant about glass-paper. But I had not been above three hours in the factory before I made the astounding discovery that glass-paper is not made of glass. This is all in the day's work, of course, to the trained observer. It is made of sand.

It was fascinating to watch the factory at work. Everything was going at full blast. I never tired of seeing the foreman, with his busy scissors, cutting out a square from a sheet of brown wrapping paper. With a deft flick of his left wrist he would throw the completely severed square on to a table where the glue-man was eagerly waiting.

Now comes the most dramatic part of the process. Everything depends on the glue-man. He must be careful to put his glue on the side of the brown paper that bears the name and address of the person to whom the parcel was sent when the brown paper was the outside of it. He must be on the alert for labels.

Failure to observe these principles is responsible, I am told, for a good deal of wastage in the glass-paper industry. "You'll never see

a bit of glass-paper with names and addresses written on the back," said the foreman. "We throw it away when the glue-man makes a mistake."

The glue-man, a fine craftsman, quickly spotted a tell-tale mark on the brown paper. "Do Not Open Till Christmas," he read out, and sloshed his loaded brush across the offending label.

Not a moment was lost. The apprentice, whose other job is to iron smooth the wrapping paper as it comes in to the factory, seized the sticky paper and rushed with it to the sandboy who was poised ready, on his bicycle, at the open door. The sandboy was singing. He seemed happy about something.

The distance from the open door to the sea wall was all of twenty yards, but even before we had



reached the door the sandboy was over the wall. We all stood at the door and admired the expert way he dabbed the gluey side of the brown paper on the sands.

"That's a clever lad," said the foreman, and he told me that a good sandboy is highly prized in the industry. It appears that a sandboy whose heart is not in his work will sometimes return with the sticky side of the brown paper covered with shells and seaweed.



When the sandboy came back, at a more leisurely rate, the glass-paper was inspected by the foreman and the glue-man. This was a tense moment. But when the foreman reached for a rubber stamp bearing the proud name of the company we knew it had survived this exacting test and that another square of glass-paper was ready for export to the busy marts of the world.

Without loss of time it was tossed on the drying tray, and the team was again ready for action: the foreman cutting out, the glue-man mixing his glue, the apprentice ironing wrapping paper, and the sandboy inflating the rear-wheel tyre of his bicycle.

Work stopped for the midday meal and they invited me to share their sandwiches and mugs of tea. The foreman put on his bowler hat and led the way to the sea wall. There the time passed pleasantly enough with the foreman telling us



about the finer points of modern glass-paper practice. He paused only to bite into a sandwich or to answer a question put by the eager apprentice.

It was not at all easy to follow at first, but when the foreman had eaten his last sandwich I came to understand something of the romance of glass-paper and to appreciate the fierce pride these men have in their work.

Their skills, it would seem, are inherited. The foreman's father was a foreman and the apprentice is the son of an apprentice who stoutly refused promotion. The gluman, like his father and grandfather, has always stuck to glue.

But sandboys are high-spirited youths and their work exposes them to the call of the sea. The day

reach the sands. All that belongs to the past.

Now the glass-paper industry employs all the resources of modern technological development. For example, a somewhat revolutionary change lately introduced into the Treakleton-on-Sea factory is a galvanized bucket. It stands just behind the open door. The foreman pointed to it with pride.

Dry-sand is essential for glass-paper manufacture. So in the old days when it was raining the foreman would lock the door of the factory and they would all go home until the rain stopped. Work came to a standstill. Now, thanks to that galvanized bucket, they can all go on making glass-paper, independent of the weather, for a whole day.

Above the bucket a cow-bell



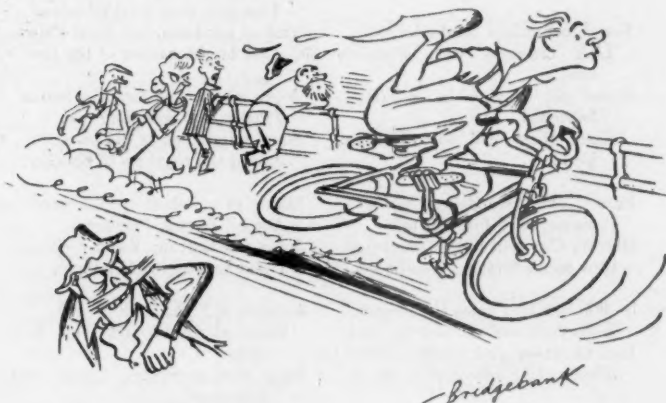
His merry peal warns the people on the beach that the sandboy is coming.

The cow-bell was installed in the factory, I learned, the day after the sandboy had unwittingly slapped a sheet of sticky paper on the tawny back of Treakleton-on-Sea's Carnival Queen.

I have no wish to end on a carping note, but one slight criticism occurred to me as I watched these fine individual craftsmen, the foreman, the gluman, the apprentice and the sandboy, function as a highly efficient unit.

From the open door we saw the sandboy, his head probably full of glass-paper, venture too near the sea. A great wave broke over the shore and the poor lad got his feet wet. "It's the high tide," the foreman explained. They made light of the incident, but I could not help noticing that output was held up while the sandboy changed into dry socks and shoes.

A minor detail. But it does seem, to one disinterested observer at least, that in order to gear the glass-paper industry up to 100-per cent efficiency the sandboy should be issued, at high tide, with a pair of sea-boots.



always comes when, dreaming of adventure, they prop the bicycle against the sea wall and run away to find jobs on board dredgers.

The foreman sighed and told of improvements undreamed of when he was just a young foreman. I found it an inspiring story.

The glass-paper industry is fully conscious that old methods have no place in a changing world. Time was when the sandboy was not mechanized. He had no bicycle, but had to sprint for the sea wall. When it was windy the glue on the paper would dry before the sandboy could

hangs from a nail. The importance of art in industry receives so much attention nowadays that I had assumed it to be something in the nature of an art form. I was wrong. The cow-bell has an important part to play in the sphere of public relations.

In summer, crowds of visitors are attracted to the golden sands. Sunbathers recline and children play on the kind of sand from which the finest grades of glass-paper are made. It is a testing time for the sandboy. Then the apprentice goes to the door and rings the cow-bell.



BALLAD OF BUTTERFINGERS

FAROES, Fair Isle, Bailey, Malin,
Dogger, Biscay, Finisterre,
Shannon, Fastnet, Plymouth, Lundy,
Fair is foul and foul is fair.



Thence, my son, come wisps of
spindrift
Unrecorded and unseen,
Marksmen on the range at Bisley
Must have noticed what I mean.

Thus these hands one juggling
instant
Tossed men's fortunes in the air.
Jones was facing Bagot's bowling,
I stood keeping wicket there.

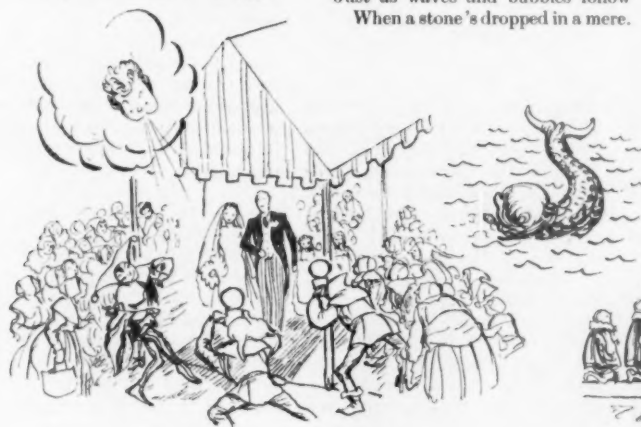
Yonder in the mellow sunset
Glow the towers of Falcon Chase.
How can proud Sir Guy rest knowing
Jones the Brewer has the place!

For those Falcon tombs heraldic
Link Crusades with Flanders
mud.

Proud Sir Guy when arteries
hardened
Knew them stiff with Norman
blood.

Faroes, Fair Isle, Bailey, Malin—
Patience, son! I do but tell
How Sir Guy sent forth a challenge,
How men's fortunes rose or fell.

In *Who's Who* I trace the sequels,
Seeds yield harvest year by year,
Just as waves and bubbles follow
When a stone's dropped in a mere.



Champions in the lists of *Wisden*
Won their spurs at Falcon Chase,
Lord of Bounty to the County,
Blues were nurtured by his grace.

High his hope that well-born Bagot
Might weave spells of googly art.
High his hope such knightly prowess
Might unseat Rose Falcon's heart.

There was no Crusader's gauntlet,
Yet that day a glove was cast—
Rose, a fairy Queen of Beauty
From the tourneys of the past!

Last flower from the fields of Crécy,
Last gem from a fabled mine,
Star at sundown, last Rose Falcon,
Last bright banner of the line!

Jones who lacked armorial status
Plied a gay crusading eye.
Some misgivings at his presence
Jarred the rhythms of Sir Guy.

Skeins of spindrift sped towards us—
Dogger, Biscay, Finisterre—
Jones was batting, Bagot bowling,
I was keeping wicket there.

Jones is M.F.H., High Sheriff,
Great at Lord's and West End
clubs,
Begg was cashiered, Glynn was
hammered,
Bagot went to Wormwood Scrubs.

You will find—*Who's Who* will show
you—
Shannon, Fastnet— Where was I?
Does Sir Guy sit glaring yonder
Wearing his Crusaders' tie!





Bagot in his opening over
Twirled temptation Jones's way,
Sinister and oriental,
Out of China 'cross the Bay.

Grouse half-seen against the heather,
Partridge popping through a gap,
Still at night I dream it's coming,
Jones had given it a tap.

Punctual fell the fated spindrift,
Punctual sent from *Finisterre*,
Shannon, *Fastnet*, *Plymouth*,
Lundy—
What I grasped at wasn't there.

Twenty eager lips were parted
In sharp, agonized appeal,
But the bright ensanguined leather,
Gules and or, lay by my heel.

Two bright eyes sent forth their
sunshine,
Jones got busy making hay,
Punctured Bagot's reputation,
Sped him on his downward way.

* * * * *

Old Sir Guy turned rather nasty,
Said the side had let him down.
From that hour, of his eleven
Ten men walked in Fortune's
frown.

I can show you heaps of cuttings—
For the nonce suffice to say
Jones and Co. from that time
forward
Found things just the other way.



Lawn and ermine, titles, orders,
Columns in *Debrett* and *Burke*,
Man of Destiny, I made them
By a moment's handiwork!

Proud Sir Guy's arterial system
Could not cope with pressures
high.
I was best man at the wedding
When Jones senior called him
"Guy."

Falcon-Jones is richly blazoned
On the deeds of Falcon Chase,
Once again the old Crusaders
Hear young laughter round the
place.

Though no word be said between us
Jones knows whence his fortunes
spring.
In his gift he had a living,
And he did the decent thing.

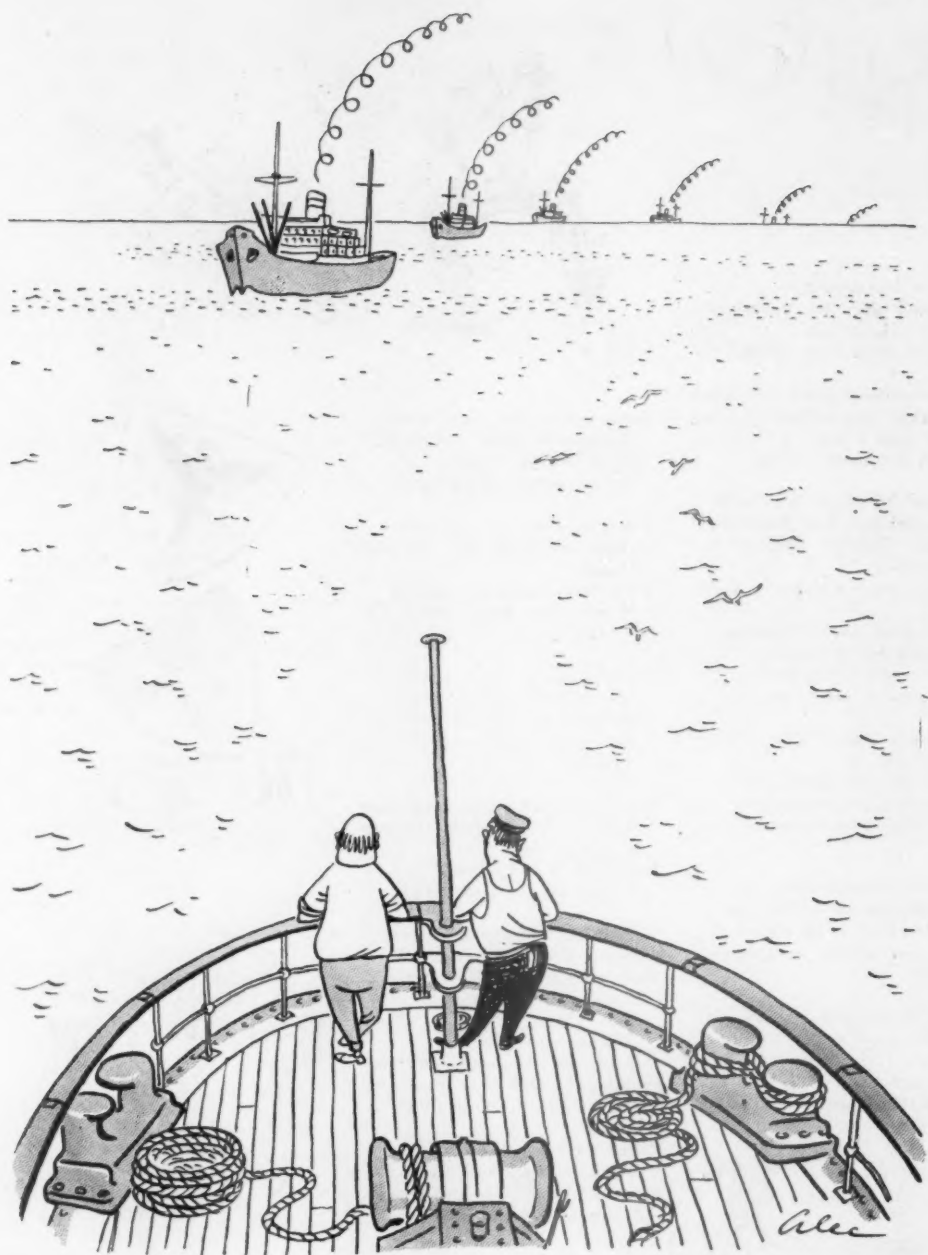
Much it irks your sainted mother—
Dogger, *Biscay*, *Finisterre*—
Hush, my son! The spell is working,
Falcon-Jones is waiting there!

He will see me after coffee,
And he says you may come too.
I am hopeful there'll be something
In his Brewery you can do.

Faroes, *Fair Isle*, *Bailey*, *Malin*,
Dogger, *Biscay*, *Finisterre*,
Shannon, *Fastnet*, *Plymouth*, *Lundy*,
Fair is foul and foul is fair.

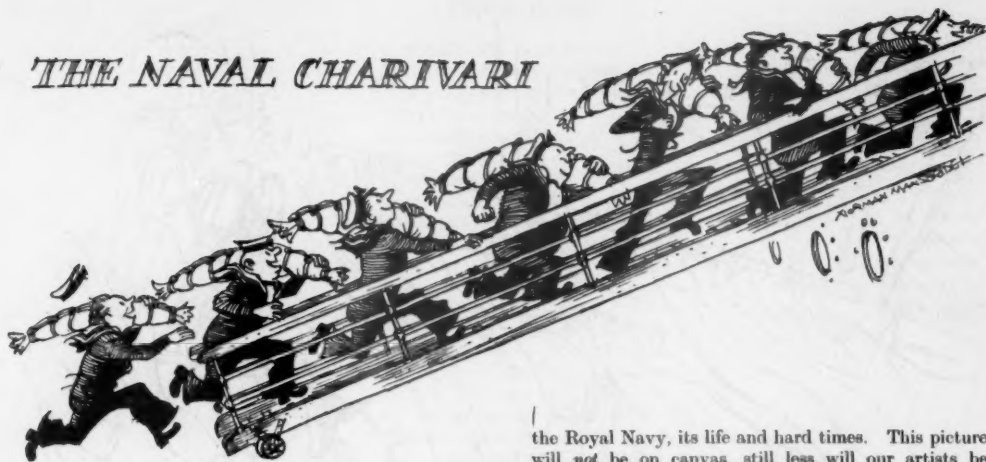
J. L. M.





"They tell me it's something to do with the curvature of the earth."

THE NAVAL CHARIVARI



AS THEIR LORDSHIPS PLEASE

"Punch" to Admiralty

REQUEST permission come aboard at eight bells and lay you aloft and alow. Also propose rake you stem to stern. Object: information. Wish paint Navy glowing colours, stimulate recruiting, confound enemy's politics, etc. Splice mainbrace on receipt this signal and oblige.

Admiralty to "Punch"

Your communication has been laid before My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and in reply I am directed to inform you that Their Lordships are at a loss to apprehend its significance.

2. I am to acquaint you of Their Lordships' desire that you should in future confine yourself strictly to the matter in hand and use your utmost endeavours to express yourself in a sober and civilianlike manner.

3. It is contrary to Their Lordships' policy to paint the Navy in any colours other than the regulation grey, save and in so far as modifications to suit particular circumstances may from time to time be authorized and promulgated through the usual channels.

By Command of Their Lordships

Signed: XYZ

Admiral of Fleet Street Approaches.

"Punch" to Admiralty

Very well then. Their Editorships direct me to direct you to acquaint Their Lordships of the receipt of their rignmarole of the day.

Be pleased to lay before Their Lordships, in any jargon that may occur to you, the following requirements hereinafter referred to that is to say:

1. We wish to present to the public a picture of

the Royal Navy, its life and hard times. This picture will *not* be on canvas, still less will our artists be required actually to apply paint to the sides or superstructures of H.M. ships as feared by Their Lordships.

2. Acting independently and in accordance with the glorious tradition of Naval Correspondents, we have already set up in type a number of useful phrases, including "lean grey shapes slipping away in the dusk on mysterious errands," "sure shield" and "long fingers probing the night sky"; but guidance is required on such points as the number of apostrophes in f'o'c's'l'e and the name of those great lumps of metal that dangle at the ends of ropes and pull boats up out of the sea.

3. Have you got any photographs of guns, running bowlines, bulkheads, bo'suns, etc., to lend us? Otherwise our artists will go and show coxswains tying up battleships to binnacles with grannies, as usual—or vice versa.

When minuting this on to whichever of Their Lordships is within hailing distance, why not start "What appears to be envisaged by these people is something of the order of, etc., etc."? This is only a suggestion of course.

By Command of Us Editors,

Signed: XYZ.

What a coincidence we should both have the same extraordinary initials!

Admiralty to "Punch"

If you really want to find out something about the Navy, why not go to H.M.S. *President* at the end of your road and join the R.N.V.R.? Or, if they won't have you, we'll arrange to send you to sea in an aircraft carrier for as long as possible, and glad to do it.

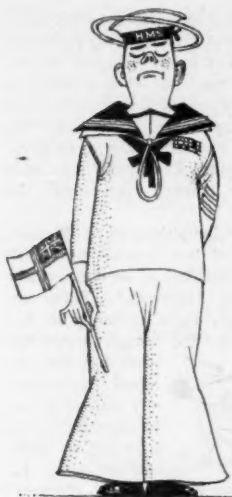
"Punch" to Admiralty

As Their Lordships please. We'll do both.



"... now look at it this way."

TRUE BLUE



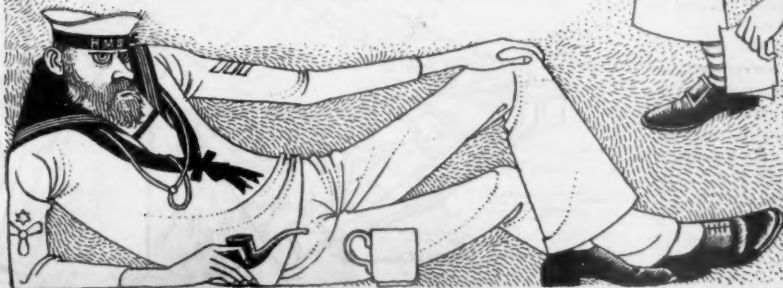
I HESITATE to disinflate
The widely current notion
That paints our Tars as movie stars
Upon a painted ocean;
The patriotic-to-a-fault
Strong-silent and/or breezy Salt
Is not, however, wholly true.
He's much like me and more like you;
Though England might Expect a lot
Romantic-minded's what he's not.

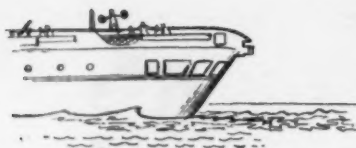
When, let us take an instance, Drake
Cleaned up the Spanish Main
For Good Queen Bess—or maybe less
For Good Queen Bess than gain—
The hands, in Technicolor clothes,
Did not give vent to classy oaths
Or mill in masses round the poops
With God-bless-dear-old-England whoops.
They gave their funny pants a heave
And said "What price a drop of leave!"

The Jack might wear his pig-tailed hair,
A blade between his teeth,
His shiny hat be round and flat—
He stayed the same beneath.
No fancy-dress could make him fail
To moan "Who's sitting on our mail?"
And—though it's heresy to say—
One word about Trafalgar Day—
I'll bet he called his ship, *plus* Nelson,
The current phrase for "floating Belsen."

The heart-of-oak's a constant bloke,
More constant than his ship;
Ships come and go but the matelot
Maintains his constant drip.
Roll on, thou mighty ocean, roll!—
While Boys in Blue from Pole to Pole
Speak true to their eternal selves
By "rolling on" their "ruddy twelves"
(Meaning twelve years at sea's too much).
That's the authentic Nelson touch.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON





THE WIND YOU FEEL

THE back view of an aircraft carrier, as seen from the bridge of an attendant destroyer keeping station astern, does not greatly encourage a writer anxious to romanticize the Navy. The destroyer herself with her helm over and the bow wave curving along her side is a sight to make the pulse quicken and the fountain pen flow freely, but a fleet carrier from the rear looks like a houseboat.

The similitude is not exact. Her stern, for all its breadth, tapers more sharply towards the waterline than is usual in houseboats, and it is pierced, moreover, some few feet below the curved-over end (or "round-down") of the flight deck, by sizable openings designed to give light and air to officers promenading on the quarter-deck. The large structure, too, known as the "island," that rises impressively from the starboard side of the deck and is topped—like the Shot Tower but with more reason—by a complicated mass of radar apparatus, would look out of place at Maidenhead; and finally, as the destroyer moves out on the starboard quarter, it is possible to see that the projections high up along the carrier's sides are not boxes of geraniums but either gun platforms or a kind of cross between a balcony and a slit-trench (freely referred to hereafter as "sponsons").

The reason why the destroyer has moved out thus conveniently on what I have called, not entirely without satisfaction, the starboard quarter is that flying-on exercises are about to begin. Two years of training, first with the R.A.F. and afterwards at a Naval Air Station, have brought a batch ("huddle" is perhaps a better collective noun) of sub-lieutenants to the grim point at which they must, for the first time,

take off from and land on a moving deck. They came aboard last night, sedately by cutter, and now the light fleet carrier *Vengeance* is thrashing along in a surprisingly flat Irish Sea entirely for their convenience. One hopes they appreciate that.

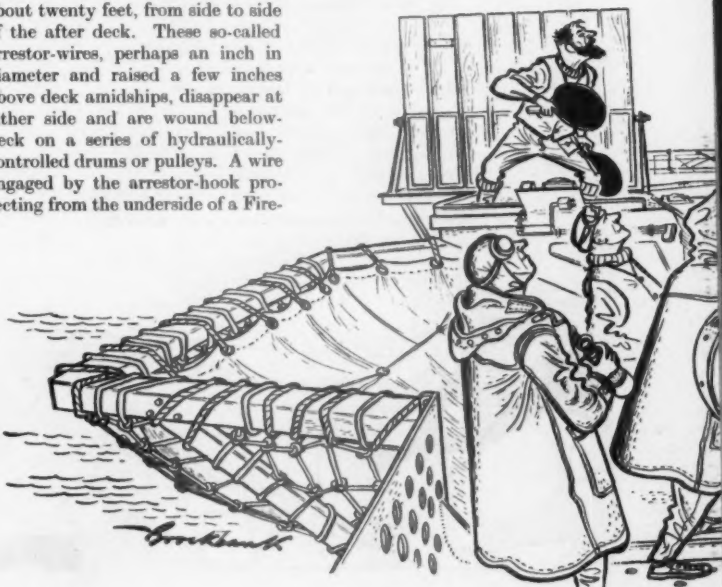
A carrier flying-off or landing-on aircraft steams practically head-on into the wind, and the combination of wind-speed

and ship-speed is known, with one of those charming descents into the non-technical so characteristic of the Navy, as "the wind you feel"; indeed, it is so described on dials disposed at convenient points about the vessel. The wind you feel on the flight deck is liable to be about thirty knots—a convenience for pilots, whose landing speed is thereby reduced from some ninety knots to a relative sixty, but a terror to the civilian emerging well aft. The latter's immediate aim when facing such a wind in the extreme rear of a sea-borne platform conspicuously unprovided with railings is to get forward at all costs—a manoeuvre foreseen by the Admiralty who have accordingly stretched stout wires, at intervals of about twenty feet, from side to side of the after deck. These so-called arrestor-wires, perhaps an inch in diameter and raised a few inches above deck amidships, disappear at either side and are wound below-deck on a series of hydraulically-controlled drums or pulleys. A wire engaged by the arrestor-hook projecting from the underside of a Fire-

fly landing at a relative sixty knots will extend itself some eighty-five to ninety feet before bringing the aircraft to rest—but when engaged by the toe of a civilian shoe it does not, in my experience, give at all. Ten of these obstacles have to be negotiated before a comparatively open space is reached, just abaft the island.

The relief is short-lived. Perhaps a hundred feet beyond the tenth wire is the first of two extremely hazardous "barriers." These are wire gates, which normally lie flat (though not flat enough) across the deck but can be raised, hydraulically and with extreme rapidity, to a height of eight feet or so. In

theory they are raised, as a sort of last line of defence, only when an aircraft is about to land; in practice (I shall always believe) they are also raised whenever a civilian is about to step over them. But the effort to rush the barriers is worth



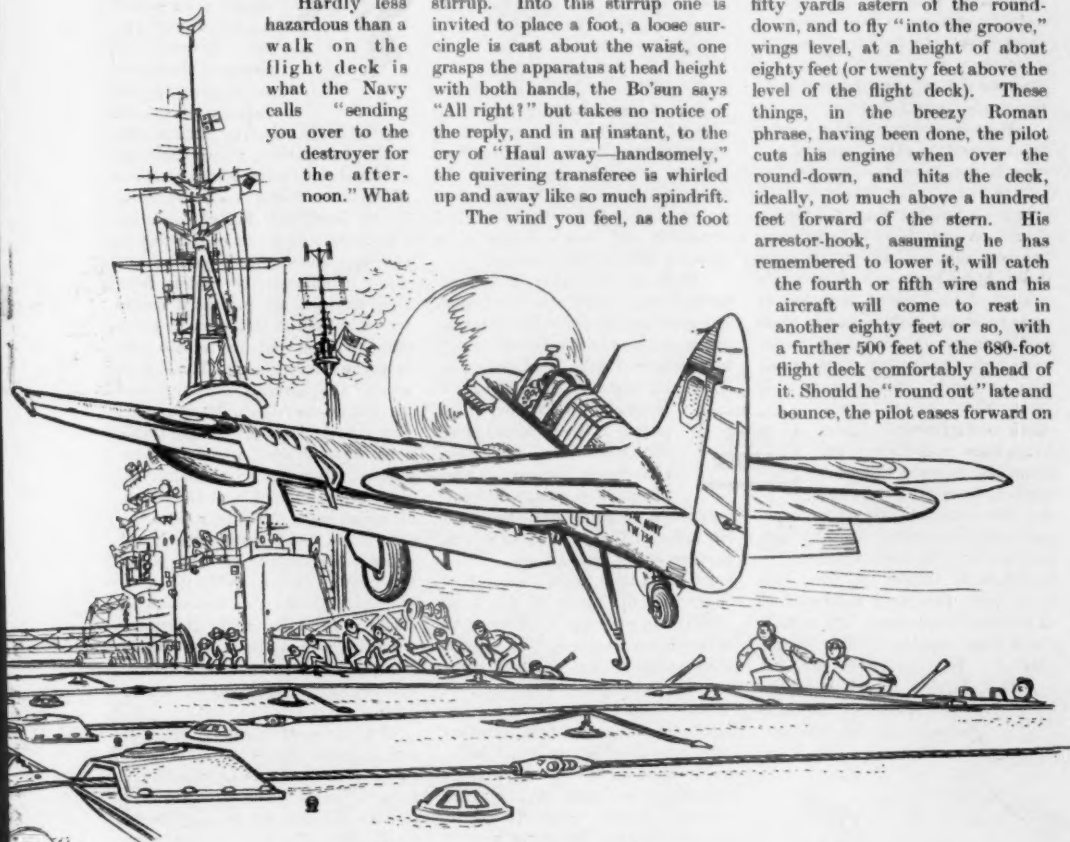
while, for beyond them survivors will find a good 250 feet of smooth trouble-free walking between themselves and the forward round-down—if, one ought to add, the forward lift happens to be up; if the lift is down, so that a large slice of the deck is missing, the civilian finds himself almost at once in No. 1 Hangar, an interesting place but a long, long drop.

Hardly less hazardous than a walk on the flight deck is what the Navy calls "sending you over to the destroyer for the afternoon." What

with pulleys, and in less time than it takes a Bo'sun to ask upwards of fifty seamen what the hell they think they are doing a vast quantity of much thicker rope is suspended between the ships and lying in vast coils and loops about their respective decks. From a section of this knitting just above the carrier's side depends a quaint tangle of hemp and metal ending in a kind of stirrup. Into this stirrup one is invited to place a foot, a loose surcingle is cast about the waist, one grasps the apparatus at head height with both hands, the Bo'sun says "All right!" but takes no notice of the reply, and in an instant, to the cry of "Haul away—handsomely," the quivering transferee is whirled up and away like so much spindrift.

The wind you feel, as the foot

of her. He then turns to port and makes a sweep to bring him on a course parallel with that of the carrier, but in the opposite direction and about 1,000 yards away. Opposite the "island" he turns in, losing height and reducing speed; his aim is to conclude the 360-degree turn to port (that he has been making, in effect, ever since he left the carrier's course) not more than fifty yards astern of the round-down, and to fly "into the groove," wings level, at a height of about eighty feet (or twenty feet above the level of the flight deck). These things, in the breezy Roman phrase, having been done, the pilot cuts his engine when over the round-down, and hits the deck, ideally, not much above a hundred feet forward of the stern. His arrestor-hook, assuming he has remembered to lower it, will catch the fourth or fifth wire and his aircraft will come to rest in another eighty feet or so, with a further 500 feet of the 680-foot flight deck comfortably ahead of it. Should he "round out" late and bounce, the pilot eases forward on



occurs is roughly this. The destroyer (*Zest*, for the record) comes up close on the starboard beam (Ha!) and steams a parallel course. The carrier shoots a metal rod across her, to which is attached a thinnish rope. There is a deal of heaving and belaying and fiddling

loses the stirrup half-way across, is fresh, its direction vertical. . . .

However, the time has come to describe the procedure for flying-on.

The pilot begins his landing circuit by flying up the starboard side of the carrier and holding this course until he is perhaps half a mile ahead

the stick and gets his aircraft ("cab" seems to be the term at the moment) back on deck. "Thus," in the pleasantly comforting phraseology of the official pamphlet, "if the aircraft misses all the arrestor-wires, a normal entry into the barrier will be effected."

Normal entry into the barrier means hitting it with the nose of the plane at sixty knots. The barrier then gives, just as the arrestor-wires do, and brings the aircraft to rest with no great damage beyond a churned-up propeller. An aviator unlucky enough to bounce his cab clean over both barriers is said to have done a Grand National and runs the risk of being laughed at by fish-heads. (See below)

More comforting to the homing aviator even than these resilient barriers is the Deck Landing Control Officer, D.L.C.O., or "batsman." He stands—a familiar figure to cinema-goers—on a platform built out over the port side well aft on the flight deck. At his back, as he faces aft, is a kind of blackboard, designed at once to shield him from the wind and to show up his yellow waistcoat and the yellow table-tennis bats he wields. His business is to bring the aircraft safely down, and no mean business that may sometimes be. From the moment the pilot turns in from his downwind run the batsman takes him over, constantly informing him by the position of his bats whether his approach is correct or what his faults are. Bats held outstretched at shoulder level mean "All O.K.," above the shoulder "Too high," below "Too low." He can, by other signals, tell the pilot to increase speed or throttle down, to get his nose up,

to increase his angle of bank, to get his arrestor-hook or undercarriage down, to pick up a dipping wing—and then, when the aircraft is over the round-down, down comes the left bat close to the left leg while the right is whipped across the body. This is the "cut," the signal to the pilot to cut his engine, and it is a signal that *must* be obeyed. The only other mandatory signal is the "wave-off" (the bats crossed and re-crossed above the head), which the batsman uses when he is dissatisfied with the final approach and wants the pilot to open up and fly round again.

It is an education in concentration and co-operation to crouch in a sponson just below the aircraft home. Four-square, full-bearded, arms outstretched, he stands there like some prophet welcoming his people to the promised land. His whole soul is concentrated upon the approaching plane; to all intents and purposes he is up there beside the pilot. He talks to him. "Too high," he mutters as his bats go up. "Good boy." And then, with a sharp flick down and up again of the bats, "Get your nose up." He has to estimate, continuously, the height, speed, attitude and angle of turn; he must "anticipate," cutting off his "Come to port" signal and returning to the horizontal O.K. position before the pilot has re-acted fully, or the time-lag will lead to over-correction; he must try, by the delicacy of his "conducting," to indicate whether he wants a five-foot or a ten-foot drop in height; he must make allowance for the different characteristics of different types of plane (some tend, for instance, to "float" after cutting, so that the cut must be given sooner); and, of course, in a rough sea, he has to time his "cut" to suit the pitching and rolling of the deck. Good

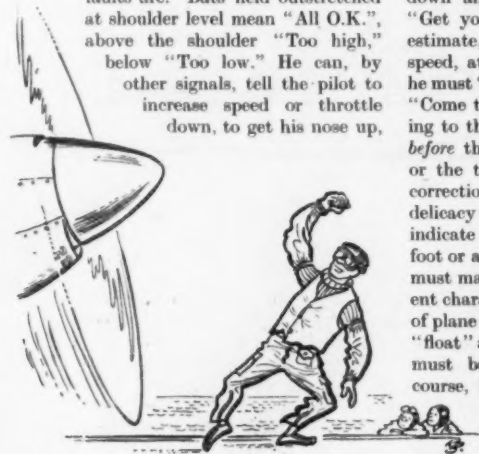
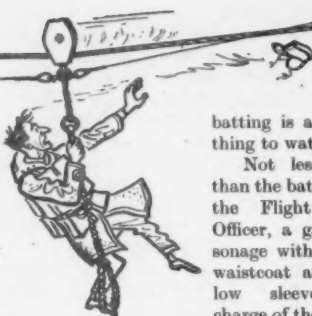
batting is a lovely thing to watch.

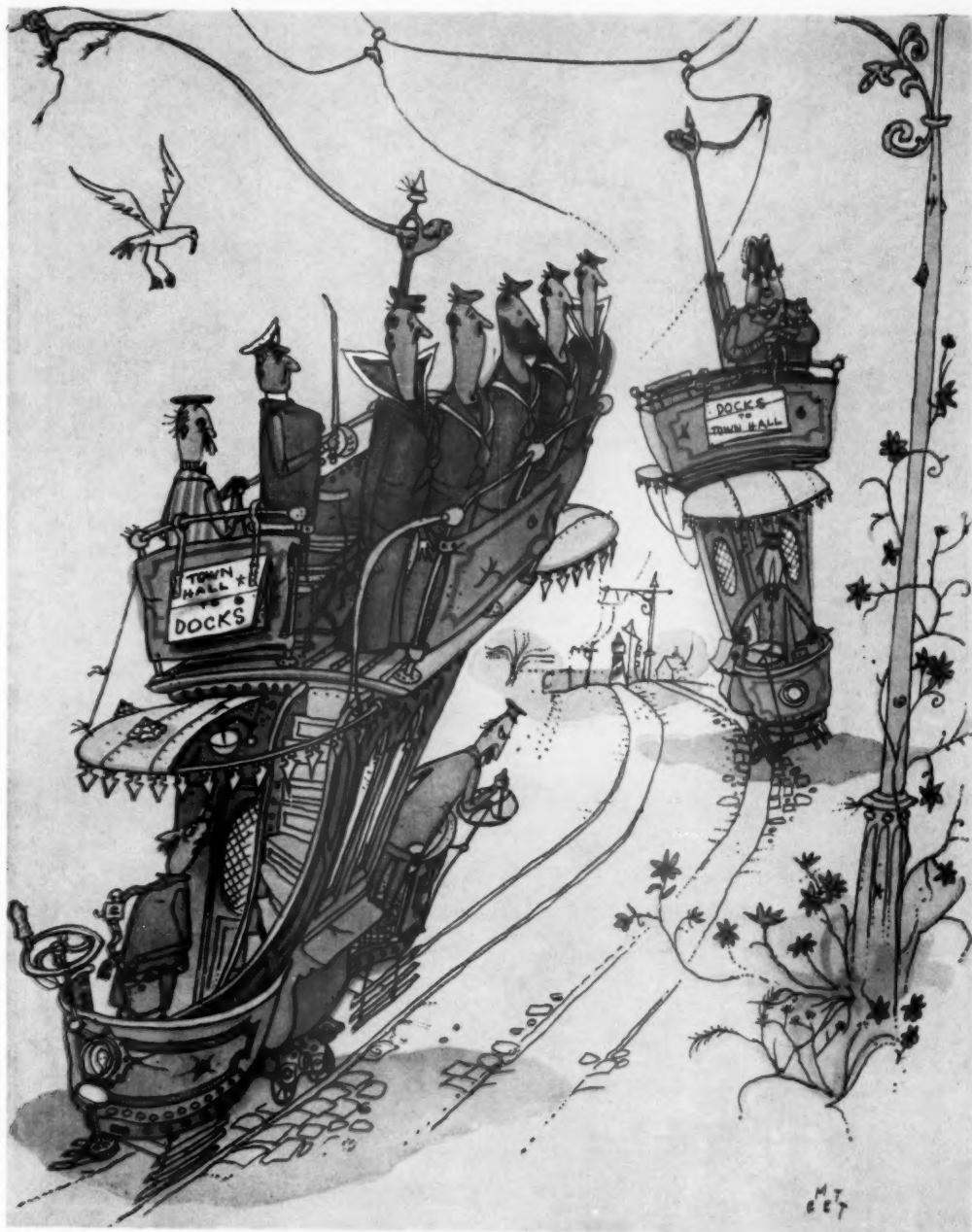
Not less busy than the batsman is the Flight Deck Officer, a gay personage with yellow waistcoat and yellow sleeves, in charge of the movement, ranging and dispatch of aircraft

on deck and assisted by innumerable flight-deck parties, whose variously coloured cloth helmets indicate their different functions. As a plane comes in to land the F.D.O. and his assistants crouch out of the way in sponsons down either side of the deck, to emerge like rabbits from their burrows the instant it comes to rest. Special dutymen in green helmets dash out to release and raise the arrestor-hook. The F.D.O. waves the aircraft forward and his yellow-sleeved directors ranged down the deck pass it on, like traffic cops, beyond the lowered barriers. General dutymen, blue-helmeted, cluster round to pull back the wings, air safety men, in white, relieve the pilot of his Mae West; the black and white helmets of the servicing party bob here and there; red-hatted firemen and Abominable Snowmen in asbestos suits lay aside their unwanted extinguishers; the whole thing resembles a colourful ballet, and ought by rights to be set to music.

Of course, at this early stage of training, the planes are landing on singly, not as flights or squadrons. Later on in the year, when Fireflies and Sea-Hornets are banging down on the deck of H.M.S. *Vengeance* at thirty-second intervals, there will be something, the Navy tells us, worth seeing. All right, they only have to ask and we shall be there. For the moment, a civilian may be permitted to observe that even this humdrum one-at-a-time stuff is not insufferably boring.

"Fish-heads"? Ask a passing admiral.
H. F. ELLIS







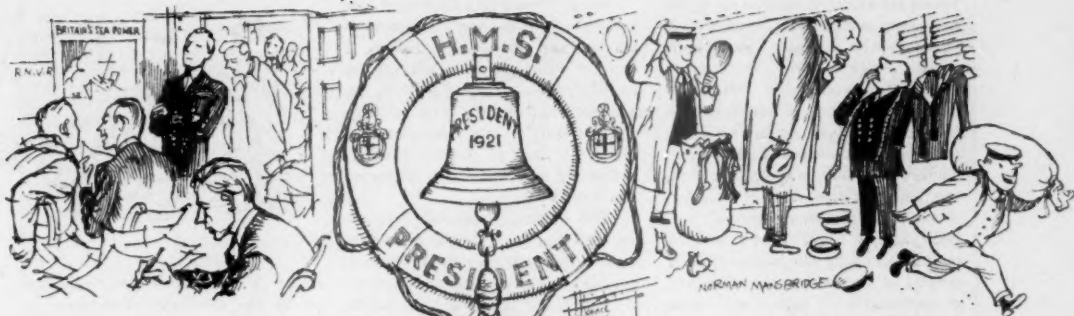
"It's not me they're calling up—it's the boat."



"... and, remember, they give quick promotion to men who show initiative."



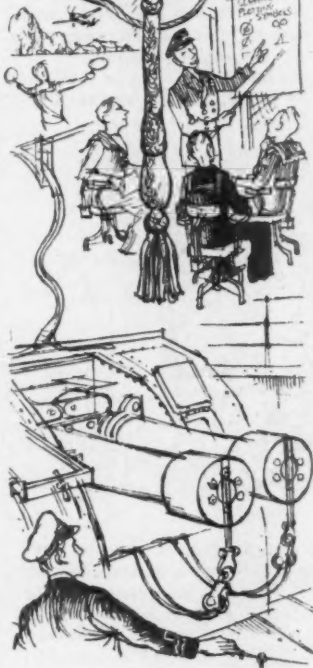
NORMAN MANSBRIDGE



NO LONGER WAVY

WITH the help of a magic pinnace, a real pantomime here-and-there job (kindly laid on by the Illusions Department at the Admiralty) our idea is to give you a quick impression of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, a body of stout fellows who cheerfully sacrifice much of their spare time to become fighting sailors. Naturally the sea lies behind everything they do, but it happens that the main points of their programme can be seen very conveniently on the Thames.

But before we go aboard I should just say that far more than one article would be needed to describe the magnificent service they gave in the last two wars, when the hard core of the Royal Navy had to be expanded to many times its normal size. In war the R.N.V.R. (whose wavy armbands are to be unperturbed to conform with the R.N.) included conscripts in addition to the doughty wet-bob territorials who had patriotically taken the trouble to fit themselves in peace. Between them these were the men who somehow contrived to master the awful new array of technical headaches added by the backroom boys to the older basic problems of seamanship. (Naval officers tell you confidently that Nelson would grasp the tactical benefits of radar and gunnery electronics in not more than two pink gins.) In spite of these ghastly complications, the R.N.V.R. efficiently took over from the Navy at levels up to Captain, commanded many of the smaller vessels, and covered



themselves with glory all round the world.

In time of peace the R.N.V.R. is a small but increasing *corps d'élite*, with high standards of entry: it now numbers about fifteen hundred officers and six thousand ratings. At present almost all the officers have had war experience, but recruits who have done their National Service in the Navy (and are therefore expected to join the R.N.V.R. afterwards) are now coming in to provide a fresh source of

officers and men. Many of the ratings also served in the war, but some are youngsters taking advantage of the year's training which will guarantee them entry (a closely guarded privilege) into the Navy for their National Service.

We're off. One gigantic swoosh, and here we are alongside H.M.S. *President*, moored in King's Reach by the Thames Embankment, scarcely a joke's-throw from the Punch Office. The *President* (née *Saxifrage*) lends her name to the London Division, the largest of the twelve Divisions of the R.N.V.R. strung round the coast. She and her sister-ship, H.M.S. *Chrysanthemum*, lying beside her, are sloops of the Flower Class, honourably retired from active service. Their engines have been surgically removed to give extra space, not an inch of which is wasted.

This is a Gunnery Division, and in the bowels of the *President* are two pairs of sawn-off Mk XVI 4 in. guns, complete in turrets but wearing huge top-hats on their muzzles, designed, so rumour says, to discourage the recoil.

"Special takle, of course," explains our guide.

"Special *tackle*?" I ask. After all, I am a fisherman.

"Yes, special *takle*," he repeats firmly. This is a perfect example of the kind of thing that happens constantly when you are in tow with the Navy. I dare say it all comes from living on hard take.

And this witch's cauldron, new-style, is known as the Action Information Centre. Radar sets are liberally strewn about, and all

round are celluloid screens on which imaginary actions can be plotted in chalk to the last drop of a bow-wave. Much sobered, we pass on to the *Chrysanthemum*, where we see, in humming activity, a carpenter's shop, busy on ship's repairs; a signals room, buzzing madly; an engineering shop, where trade tests are being carried out on a lathe; demonstrations on a stripped torpedo and a fairly naked aircraft engine; and a '22 rifle range. Having peeped at an instructional film and at recruits being kitted up (what enviable knives!), we return to the *President* for supper in the ward-room.

This is a most cheerful place, a hospitable club and something more.

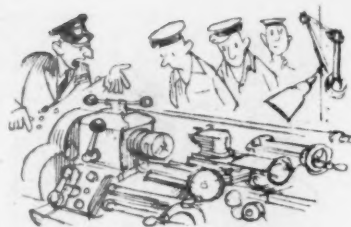


In the company of hosts so enthusiastic we begin to understand what draws them, tired after a day's work ashore, often as many as four nights a week (absolute minimum, one). Finally, of course, it's love of the sea, and they manage to get afloat a good deal. Holidays are given up for summer cruises with the Navy, while at week-ends parties go off in the motor minesweepers attached to every R.N.V.R. division. Sometimes the crew of a sea-going destroyer will be relieved (skipper included) to the tune of eighty per cent; for part-time sailors this is surely an amazing performance. In the *President* there is not as much sailing as in the coastal Divisions, but there is plenty of "pulling." Having seen a whaler I agree that

"rowing" would be a silly word (did you know that even in races a whaler has five oars? Hence, I suppose, the phrase "moving in naval circles." The tradition is, apparently, that bow is likely to be distracted by serving rum, shouting "Ahoy!" and so on). Boxing, swimming and Bisley are all somehow worked in. . . .

But our magic pinnacle is hooting imperiously. While it whisks us supersonically upstream we cannot but deplore the paucity of beards in the R.N.V.R. If I were their Lordships I should order every naval face to retire into an impenetrable grove of shipshape topiary.

And here we are in Berkshire, off H.M.S. *Hornbill*, alias the Royal



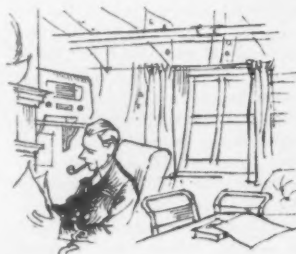
river. A heart-rending scene awaits us in the kitchen. The floor is snake by wires, in which screaming children are wound up like tops. A man in his shirt-sleeves wrestles with a red-eyed demon that nearly fills the room. His struggles wring from it satanic protests that boom out over the marshes; and in this pandemonium a demented woman is burning the dinner. The demon, known as "The Wives' Last Straw," is the two-way radio set with which a thoughtful Admiralty supplies members of the R.N.V.(W.)R. (W equals wireless), so that they can perfect their bizarre arts in the peace and quiet of the home. . . .

I haven't told you the half of it. I haven't told you, for instance, about the R.N.V.S.R., made up of over eight thousand officers who cannot spare the time for full training commitments but nevertheless turn up to lectures, and holiday with the Royal and Merchant Navies at their own expense, so as to keep in touch. Nor have I said nearly enough about the marvellous spirit of unselfish good-fellowship that marks all these devotees; but I hope I have made it sufficiently clear that their Service is one for which we can be very thankful.

ERIC KEOWN

Naval Air Station, Culham. We must only stop a moment, but our eye is caught immediately by the outline of a carrier marked out like a badly rolled cigar on the airfield. Note that the R.N.V.R. squadron operating from this R.N. station is typical of the five R.N.V.R. air squadrons, a small branch but growing, which the Admiralty considers of great importance. They fly abroad, linking up with the fleet; they take part in exercises with the other Services; and in long, hard week-ends they polish up flying already polished. As to keenness, one farmer-pilot drives all the way from Devonshire every Friday night. . . .

Now our pinnacle stops at its last port-of-call, a cottage by the







UNLIKE THE PARD

TIME has blurred the ignominy, and Purbright has been persuaded to allow the story of his beard to be told. Eleven years ago he belonged to his favourite battleship, an elderly job, almost as broad as she was long, which spent much time at sea, steaming long distances at a speed slightly better than that of a swift lady's bicycle. Under such conditions the fancies of naval officers turn lightly to thoughts of beards; and Purbright was not surprised when, one sunny morning in the Indian Ocean, this order appeared upon the wardroom notice-board above the signature of the commander:

BEARDS

1. Unbearded officers are to cease shaving as from 2359 to-day, Tuesday.

2. To-day fortnight, at 1800 in the wardroom, an inspection of beards will be conducted by the instructor-commander, whose black-and-white thicket has already earned him the title of Giant Panda.

3. The inspection will have two objects:

(a) to award the title of "Pard" to the best beard, and

(b) to award the title of "Beardless Wonder" to the worst beard.

4. To-morrow fortnight, on arrival at Fremantle, Western Australia, the Beardless Wonder will stand the Pard a dinner.

One evening a few days later Purbright and Mooney were sitting in the Mess. Mooney wore the shoulder-straps of an engineer and looked bearded and fit, while Purbright, in those of a supply officer, looked neither; but they were fair and much of a size; and might have been brothers.

"My ears keep booming at me," said Purbright, "and my jaw hurts." "It can't be your efforts to grow," said Mooney. Purbright felt his chin. "Don't you think it'll ever come?" he asked anxiously. "I'm very fair, you know." "No fairer than I," said Mooney, "but I've already disappeared behind the stuff. I can see you buying that dinner for

the Pard." Purbright stroked a tender, beardless jaw, and winced. "I suppose the commander'll be Pard," he said. "Undoubtedly," said Mooney. "I have never known a jaw! so lush as his."

The commander, hidden behind a black beard and accompanied by the surgeon-commander, entered the Mess and approached Purbright, examining him closely. "Yes," he said to his companion, "I'll bet you a pound note that this will be our Beardless Wonder." "Let's have a look," said the doctor. His eyes brightened above a crop of ginger tufts. "What's the matter with you, Purbright?" he asked. "My jaw hurts," said Purbright. The surgeon-commander moved closer. "I believe you are ill," he said, grasping Purbright by the throat and gouging about. Then he turned to the commander. "This officer," he reported proudly, "has mumps. I am about to dispatch him to his bunk. If plague is not to break out in this great ship no one must approach him but I."

Purbright crept away to his cabin, and it was then that Mooney was struck with an idea and asked when the invalid might be expected to be fit again. The surgeon-commander pondered. "Your poor twin, Purbright..." he began, and stopped. He had been struck by the same idea. "Twins but for the beards and shoulder-straps," said

Mooney, significantly. "Exactly," replied the surgeon-commander. He glanced at the commander, but that officer, absently fingering his beard, was not listening. "Your poor twin," he repeated, "should be fit just about when we reach Fremantle."

Mooney drew the commander's attention. "I believe, sir," he said, "that you are willing to wager a large sum that Purbright will be the Beardless Wonder." "I have a pound that says he will," said the commander. "Even Hotchkiss, the next worst, has a sort of blur on his face, but Purbright"—the commander searched for a word—"dash it," he said, "the fellow's glossy." "It's a bet," said Mooney firmly. The surgeon-commander glanced at him. "If you've another pound-note," he said to the commander, "I wouldn't mind a small wager." "Done," said the commander. "But the bet is off, of course, if sickness prevents attendance at the inspection?" "Yes, of course," said Mooney, somewhat eagerly. "There's no chance of that," said the surgeon-commander. The commander finished his beer. "Things look good," he said, making for the door, "money"—he gave his beard a tug—"and a dinner."

Time passed and the temperature of the patient came down. He began to puzzle about things that, at the time, had meant nothing to him. Why had the surgeon-commander, apparently thinking him asleep, crept into his cabin and taken away his uniform shoulder-straps? And what about that note from the commander? He sat up and reached for it. "Mumps does not excuse you from growing a beard," it read. "I expect you to appear at the inspection, tottering and swollen it may be, but unshaven. I intend to have a dinner off you."

Unshaven! He staggered from his bunk and supported himself in front of the mirror. The swelling had gone down and he could see it was himself he saw, but there was no beard. A blush of shame appeared on the haggard face in the mirror.



The surgeon-commander put his head in. "Get back on your bunk," he said. Purbright got back. "I have told the commander," his doctor continued, gripping a pulse and lying in his beard, "that you will not be well enough to be present at the inspection." "But I have strict instructions," said Purbright, displaying the note with his disengaged hand. "Don't worry about that," said the surgeon-commander. "But surely you'll have let me up by then," complained Purbright. "You don't want to appear at the inspection, do you?" "Well, no," said Purbright, "but . . ." "Just you thank your stars that you're excused it," said the surgeon-commander, "and don't appear before it takes place." "All right," said his patient, "but I'd better obey the order not to shave off." The doctor jammed a thermometer into his mouth. "Not to shave off what?" he asked.

On the evening of the event Purbright sat finishing a lonely dinner in his cabin. No one had come to tell him the result and he felt misused. Suppose he crept up to the Mess and had a look round. He had only been told to stay put until after the inspection, and that must have been over long ago. He put his other pair of shoulder-straps into his white shirt and crept up to the wardroom.

In the wardroom instructor-commander and commander gazed fondly at each other's beards. "It was a proud moment for me," said the Giant Panda, "when I awarded you the title of Pard." "I would be happier," said the commander,

eyeing the surgeon-commander and Mooney, "if I had not had to fork out a pound for each of those crooks opposite. I could never have believed that Purbright, down there in his cabin, could have grown that beard. Why," he added, "it was as good as Mooney's." "Just exactly as good," said Mooney.

"Purbright!" exclaimed the commander suddenly. Mooney and the surgeon-commander rose to their feet. Purbright stood in the doorway. "What on earth are you doing here?" cried the surgeon-commander. Purbright blinked at this onslaught by strange beards. He had to look at the shoulder-straps to tell who they were. "The fellow's shaved off," said the Giant Panda, disgustedly. "What do you mean by it?" asked the commander. "Who said you might shave?" Purbright blinked again. "I thought . . ." he began. "I expect, sir," said Mooney, quickly, "that he thought, sir, that once the inspection was over . . ." "When I want the prisoner to have legal aid," said the commander, "I'll let you know, Mooney." He turned back to Purbright. "I'm almost tempted to make you grow it again," he said.

Later, when the Pard and the Giant Panda had left the Mess, the survivors brought Purbright a whisky-and-soda. Mooney took a pair of supply officer's shoulder-straps from his pocket and handed

them to him. "The surgeon-commander borrowed these for me to wear," he said. "I had them waiting in a second shirt. Twice was my beard inspected, and twice complimented." Purbright sipped his whisky. "I like to be told," he said, fire returning to him, "when an engineer officer is to impersonate me. Who did become the Beardless Wonder?" "Hotchkiss," said Mooney. Purbright sipped his whisky again. "And who pays for the dinner he gives the commander at Fremantle tomorrow?" "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Beardless Wonders," said Mooney. "Funds provided from successful wagers engaged upon by Mooney and myself," said the surgeon-commander.

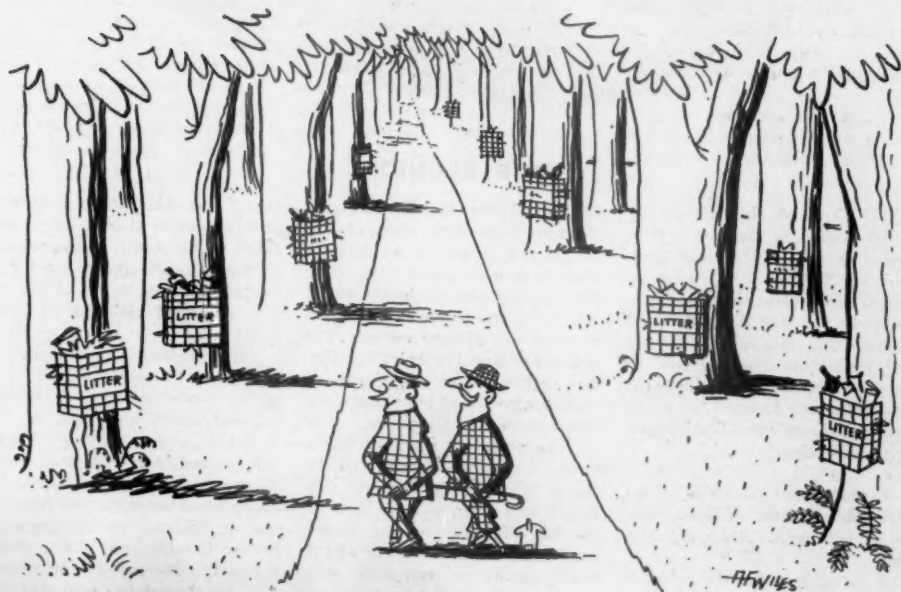
Purbright finished his whisky at a gulp. "I cannot think," he said, "that you, either of you, would have done all this from altruistic motives." Mooney stroked his beard. "We did think," he said, with an attempt at unconcern, "that perhaps, taking everything into account, you might give us a bite to eat in Fremantle to-morrow evening." He coughed. "Beards would be worn," he said.



END OF THE NAVAL CHARIVARI



"It's time something was done about all this unsightly litter."



"Ah! That's much better."



THE REUNION

I STOOD outside the Tube station and waited in the rain. How typical, I thought, of that pint-sized ass Tompkins to choose to meet at such a place on such a day—and to be late into the bargain! I resolved that this should be our final rendezvous, and as brief as the decencies permitted. For the hundredth time I cursed the sentimental weakness which had brought me to this pass.

* * * * *

Reunions are occasions of indefensible weakness, of basic error, and of self-deceit. Take my own case.

A rising figure in the asbestos world, I had been cast by the fortunes of war into the embattled ranks

of 7843 Mobile Anti-Psychological Warfare Unit, with whom I had fought and, thanks to an inherent clumsiness with edged tools, bled. The fighting o'er, the battle won, I returned to the asbestos world and resumed my upward career. The techniques of Anti-Psychological Warfare, mobile or static, were put aside and forgotten, until I saw that small announcement in the paper.

The years fell from me like a cloak. I heard the bugles, and the tramp of marching feet. I saw myself once again beneath the dear old flag (Edipus couchant before a psychiatrist interrogant) and I heard again our marching song (which was a neat play on the names Freud, Jung and Adler). I forgot

that I was older, and that there is nothing sadder than a man's nostalgia for his youth; and an evening in March found me heading for an obscure hostelry in one of the less gay industrial suburbs of East London.

How I longed to see my old comrades! Mossbait, whose telepathic understanding of human motives made him such an invaluable bridge partner; Wend, tall, rugged, and illiterate, whose presence amongst us was due to his invincible delusion that our function was to ambush enemy dispatch-riders; Carabas, our C.O., whose skill in the interpretation of dreams was so shamefully neglected by Supreme Headquarters.

And Tompkins!—dear old Tompkins, who was my sidekick in the Manic Depressive Squad—what a joy to see him once more! Old Tompkins, with his broad smile, his quaint accent, his incisive wit, his jolly “What ho!” to fit all occasions, the gay, if tuneless, whistle which issued from his clenched teeth when things were tough . . .

The reunion was quite good value. True, the C.O. was not present, and there was a tendency not to discuss his whereabouts; but Wend was there, puzzled as ever, and Mossbait, and lots of other good chaps—and Tompkins. His “What ho!” rang out cheerily across the crowded room as he pressed forward to grasp my hand.

Disillusionment is a terrible thing. Invariably it occasions a conflict of loyalties, and, as was truly written in the *Manual of Anti-Psychological Warfare* (Part II), “a conflict of loyalties sets up a process of disintegration in the personality.” Many were the arguments Tompkins and I had had on this point, in the old turbulent days, with our opposite numbers in the Heavy Schizophrenia Platoon.

And was this Tompkins? Was this the man who had stood shoulder to shoulder with me in the mobile clinic? Was this the face that had shaken so many depressives out of their melancholia and set them on a roar? Well, it might have been. The weedy moustache which six

years of peace had grafted on to Tompkins’ upper lip would have given a tragic air to any face. But surely he had been a bigger man—and was he always so round-shouldered?

Perhaps the years of battle had exacted a greater toll than we knew. Pity welled up in me, and I bought Tompkins a drink.

After that, matters improved.

We got together with Mossbait, and a man named Travers who had been a sergeant-dehypnotizer, and a couple of veterans from the School of Unarmed Trauma, and had a good long gossip about old times. And, oddly enough, as we trod the road of memory, Tompkins grew in stature. He squared his shoulders (or at least reduced their tendency to meet across his chest) and I no longer had a barber’s-eye view of his scalp. His old trick of whistling through his teeth reasserted itself.

The things we remembered and laughed over—now. Our old campaigns—Paranoia, the crossing of the Ego (where Mossbait should have got a decoration for leading an attack on hostile psyches)—we lived them all again.

By the end of the evening dear old Tompkins—he of the massive shoulders and luxuriant whiskers—was looking me straight in the eye and declaring that we must meet again. Nothing could have been closer to my own desires, and we

fixed upon this evening, under the clock outside the Tube station.

* * * * *

I waited for ten minutes beyond the appointed time, and then, conscience salved, I went home by an unlikely route.

“Someone phoned,” said my wife. “Mr. Tompkins, the man you were going to meet. He said he was so sorry; he couldn’t make it this evening. He wouldn’t leave his number—he said he’d ring you sometime.”

“Oh,” I said, and I went to have a good look at myself in the glass.

A PLEA TO CERES

EASY on the charlock; please,
Gently with the dock,
Softly puff upon the breeze
Dandelion clock.
Thrifty with the thistle be,
Dole the dapple daisy,
Cast the clover carefully
With the vetch be lazy.
Buttercup and poppy hoard,
Sparsely strew the nettle,
Check the chickweed, and afford
Tares no times to settle.
Grudge the groundsel, scrimp the
twitch,
Sift thy bounteous sowing,
Ere I face a summer which
Holds no hope but hoeing.



BACKWATER

SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND

JOHNSON of the Copra Board, Jennings of the Store,
 Semple and O'Rafferty ("retired"),
 Crow who's run the Telegraphs for twenty years and more,
 They live at Tuifale on the South Pacific shore—
 And a lovely life they lead of it as ever man desired.

They're moored at Mother Engel's shack-and-shanty Beach Hotel—
 One row of palms and then the open sea;
 The breakers dancing on the reef their tireless tarantelle,
 The cirrus drifting lazy o'er the slow Pacific swell,
 The schooners riding in the roads by one, by two, by three.

Somewhere, they know, an outer world goes blundering on its way—
 A place of change, excitement and event;
 Crow types them out his "Wireless News" and brings it every day,
 But they hardly ever read it for it hasn't much to say
 To the beach at Tuifale and the country of content.

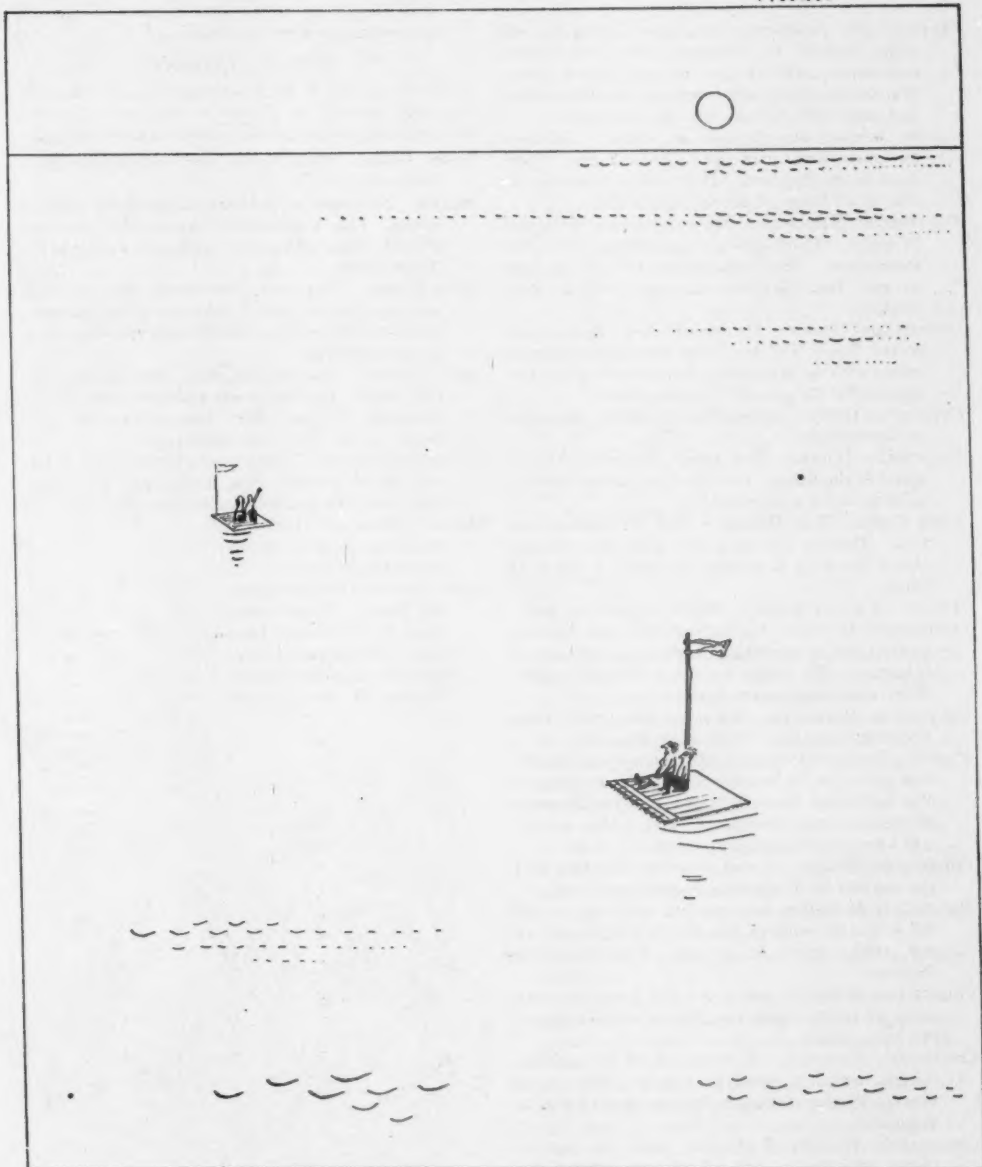
Once in a way, across the drinks, old Johnson says
 "You know,
 I'll be beating it for Blighty pretty soon";
 But they don't take any notice for of course he'll no more go
 Than Semple will or Jennings or O'Rafferty or Crow—
 Or the little coral polyps in the peacock-blue lagoon.

The days drift off to leeward, the crystal evenings come,
 With island fare the dinner-table's spread;
 There's a pipeful of tobacco and a glass or two of rum,
 Some idle things to utter, some well-worn books to thumb,
 And a sense of satisfaction . . . and a sleepiness . . . and bed.

Oh peaceful little Lotusland! If only I'd ignored
 Ambition and installed myself for good
 Long ago at Mother Engel's and her Paradise explored;
 Where I *could* have been so happy . . . Where I *would* have been so bored
 And gone barmy in a twelvemonth. That's the worst of it. I would.
 H. B.



ffolker



"Isn't it that awful couple we met on the boat?"

SUMMERY FLUMMERY

SCENE: *The Council Chamber of Solhampton-on-Sea*

MAYOR. The papers say that many foreigners will visit England this summer, and undoubtedly Solhampton will attract the majority of them. We must be prepared to reap a bountiful harvest and thus find favour with the ratepayers. (*At the mention of ratepayers all stand.*) Different foreigners may arrive at different times. There must be an Emergency H.Q. and welcomes available at all hours of the day and night.

COUNCILLOR HALLGULL. We must make them feel at home. Foreigners are accustomed to a gay atmosphere. The shops on the Parade will have to put their brightest-coloured tins in their windows.

COUNCILLOR WILLOP. On presentation of passports at the Town Hall bona fide foreigners might be issued with cards entitling them to two deck-chair sessions for the price of one-and-a-third.

COUNCILLOR QUILL. A dangerous precedent. We might be surcharged.

COUNCILLOR WILLOP. But think how much they'll spend in the town. Isn't there a proverb about a sprat to catch a mackerel?

TOWN CLERK. Yes, Benham's *Book of Quotations* at 913b. There is also apparently a German proverb about throwing a sausage to catch a sitch of bacon.

MAYOR. A useful reminder that foreigners are odd.

COUNCILLOR WILLOP. Up beyond the new housing estate there is something marked on the map as a barrow. We might let the excavation rights. Many archaeologists are foreigners.

COUNCILLOR HALLGULL. We must issue every shop with notices saying "Ici on parle Français."

MAYOR. There are foreigners who do not speak French. One gets them by mistake on the radio sometimes. We had better leave it to the Modern Language Mistress at the Grammar School. Miss Parker will know what languages are spoken most.

COUNCILLOR BREAVE. I read an article once that said the number of Mongolians is quite astonishing.

MAYOR. If Mongolian is a modern language it will fall within the scope of Miss Parker's duties and we can safely leave it to her. What about a Pageant?

COUNCILLOR QUILL. It was a dreadful fiasco last year when we tried to make the History of Solhampton last three hours.

COUNCILLOR HALLGULL. If we are all out to entertain foreign visitors it would have to be a Pageant of Foreign History, taking as favourable a view of it as possible.

COUNCILLOR WILLOP. I do not want to confuse liberty with licence, but what about keeping the putting green open for an hour after dusk one night a week? Foreigners are said to keep up their gaiety well into the evening.

MAYOR. A splendid idea! It shows just that sympathy with foreign psychology that we need. Things are progressing, gentlemen.

ACTION STATIONS

(*Some time later. At the Emergency H.Q., set up in the Reference Library, the Mayor is rapping out orders, surrounded by gazetteers and works on anthropology.*)

TOWN CLERK. Four Kurds are reported to have detained, sir.

MAYOR. No speech of welcome for parties of under a dozen. I'm hoarse with hospitable greetings. Provide them with camel's milk and a copy of the Town Guide.

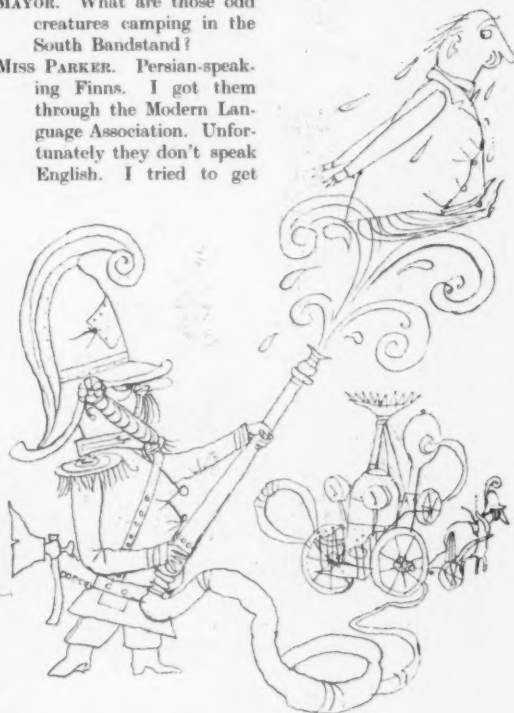
TOWN CLERK. They have asked for tea, shepherd's pie and peppermint rock. I think it's those specimen menus the British Council have been strewing across Asia from the air.

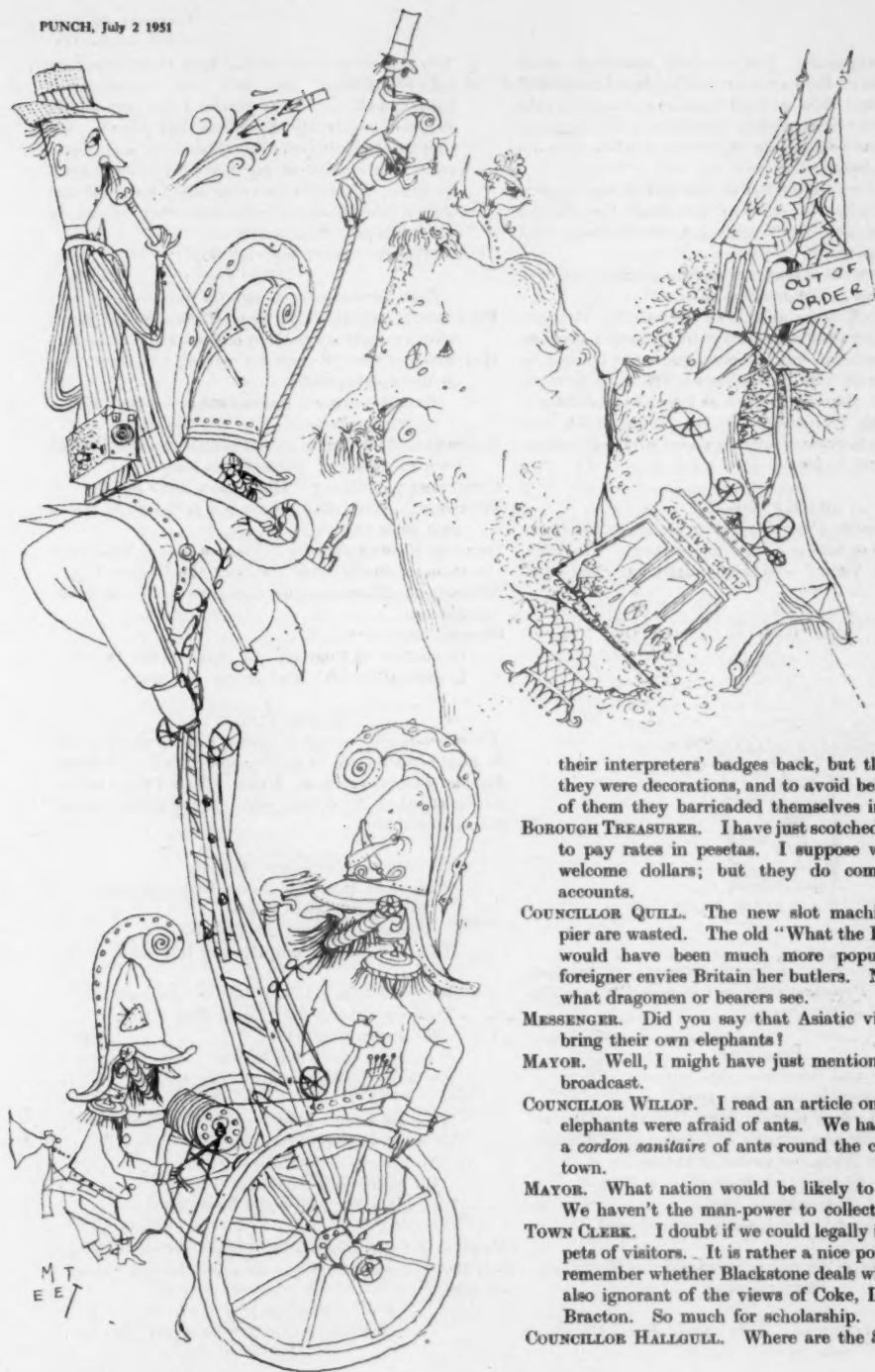
MISS PARKER. Like Afghan, Zulu, Siamese, Spanish and Italian, Kurdish is not included in the list of languages we can offer. Interpreters will give cheery smiles and warm handclasps.

COUNCILLOR BRIGGS. There was a typing error in the last list of arrivals, Japs for Lapps. We could have used the reindeer sandwiches after all.

MAYOR. What are those odd creatures camping in the South Bandstand?

MISS PARKER. Persian-speaking Finns. I got them through the Modern Language Association. Unfortunately they don't speak English. I tried to get





their interpreters' badges back, but they thought they were decorations, and to avoid being stripped of them they barricaded themselves in.

BOROUGH TREASURER. I have just scotched an attempt to pay rates in pesetas. I suppose we ought to welcome dollars; but they do complicate the accounts.

COUNCILLOR QUILL. The new slot machines on the pier are wasted. The old "What the Butler Saw" would have been much more popular. Every foreigner envies Britain her butlers. No one cares what dragomen or bearers see.

MESSENGER. Did you say that Asiatic visitors could bring their own elephants?

MAYOR. Well, I might have just mentioned it in my broadcast.

COUNCILLOR WILLOP. I read an article once that said elephants were afraid of ants. We had better put a *cordon sanitaire* of ants round the centre of the town.

MAYOR. What nation would be likely to bring ants? We haven't the man-power to collect our own.

TOWN CLERK. I doubt if we could legally impound the pets of visitors. It is rather a nice point. I can't remember whether Blackstone deals with it. I am also ignorant of the views of Coke, Littleton and Bracton. So much for scholarship.

COUNCILLOR HALLOUILL. Where are the Sioux to put

their wigwams? The car-park attendant won't have them, the Lawns are not supposed to be used at all, and when we tried them on the bathing rafts the waves extinguished the fires, and the Sioux do so like to send smoke-signals back when they are on holiday.

MAYOR. There's a flat bit on the roof of the hospital they can have. Oh dear, it's nearly time for the Pageant and we haven't got the Walloon food fixed up yet.

MISS PARKER. It is only a matter of making sure that the menu is not in Flemish.

COUNCILLOR QUILL. When we moved the Remand Home into the Art Gallery it seemed a sensible economy; but visiting penologists are coming to blows with visiting aesthetes. We shall have to swear in the Fire Service as Special Constables.

MAYOR. The Promenade lift has broken down and the Fire Service is fully extended carrying visitors from level to level.

THE PAGEANT

(In procession the Civic Dignitaries proceed to the Park. A sprinkling of natives fill the cheaper seats. The better positions are packed with foreign visitors. The band



plays a pot-pourri of national anthems. A trumpet announces the Prologue, a shy girl in a sari, a mantilla and a garland of hibiscus.)

PROLOGUE

Messieurs und Senoritas, this presents
From foreign history select events.
We wish to show that though we are an island
We know the past of Spain and Greece and Thailand
And other lands less usable in rhyme.
And now to start our Pageant it is time.
Olé! Olé! A rivederci! Skål!
Prosit! Ça va! Let History onward roll!

Enter COUNCILLOR QUILL on a charger as DUKE OF WELLINGTON

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Jolly good show, Guards.

You'll have to fight well to beat these admirably led Frenchmen. By jove, the Germans are fighting well too. Over yonder I can just see the Belgians acquitting themselves like heroes. Oh, well done, Russians! The Spaniards and Danes warm the cockles of my heart by their martial qualities. *(Enter JULIUS CÆSAR.)* I am quite sure that if the Romans were here they would be fighting a first-class battle too.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Don't mention it.

[Exeunt

Enter various persons vaguely in character

FREDERICK THE GREAT. May I take refuge here?
After a temporary military setback I am on the run.

HAUSFRAU. Yes. I must to market. Keep an eye on my apfelstrudel.

[Exit HAUSFRAU. FREDERICK ruminates. HAUSFRAU returns.

HAUSFRAU. You booby. You have let my apfelstrudel burn to a cinder. *(Chases him away.)*

CATHERINE THE GREAT. Oh, what a dirty puddle!

POTEMKIN. Allow me. *(Spreads a fur cloak for her to walk upon.)*

DUKE OF MEDINA SIDONIA. There's time to finish this game of shuffleboard and beat the English too.

SOLOMON *(to MARGARET OF NAVARRE)*. We authors, Ma'am.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is asking too little and giving too much.

GRAND FINALE

(Those actors who cannot be trusted with speaking parts, the great majority, file on in historical costume. National flags are handed out by the Mayor. Miss Parker makes a short speech in Esperanto, with a strong Giron accent. Song is burst into.)

O Visitors, Foreigners, Friends
Who come from the globe's flattened ends
And from tropical climes,
You can tell from our rhymes
That the close of our Pageant impends.

We have shown to the best of our skill
That we welcome our guests with a will.
So return every year
And you won't find it dear,
For block-booking reduces the bill.

We must have a third verse to our song
To make it respectably long;
To lessen your pleasure
By giving short measure
We cannot but feel would be wrong.

(Mayor and Civic Dignitaries applaud enthusiastically, while the Foreigners huddle under umbrellas and consult time-tables.)

THE END

R. G. G. PRICE

ON THE BOATHOUSE WALL

THIS is the Eight in 'Ninety-two,
They made three bumps, a lively crew
Whom Stroke, who later got his blue,
Could drive, if needed.
"Half forward—Ready"—there they wait;
Observe their backs, how ramrod-straight,
For Fairbairn at that distant date
Was little heeded.

We see them in that far-off May,
Blades squared, about to start away—
And plainly for their outing they
Had boating weather.
The flag floats on a gentle breeze:
On the far bank beneath the trees
The coach and boatman, at their ease,
Look on together.

That morning, starting for their row,
If they had known, as now we know,
The story of the joy or woe
That lay before them,
Would they have stared so undismayed
Straight at the next man's shoulder-blade,
Knowing the traps that fate had laid—
The grudge it bore them?

Bow, for example, smiles, for he
And life that morning well agree,
His attitude would seem to be
Not apprehensive.
Yes, Bow is glad to be alive—
He does not know that he and Five
In middle-age will not survive
The Somme Offensive.

Two frowns. Does he by any chance
Wonder whose charms would most enhance
That party for the Eights Week Dance
Which he'll be giving?
Two's eye and heart were roving, bold—
He'd be surprised if he were told
That for some fifty years he'll hold
A College living.

That term, as Brutus, Three had made
An amateur success, displayed
Great promise, for the part was played,
They said, "maturely."
Became an actor, started well,
Appeared with Benson for a spell,
Then vanished—why, no one could tell—
And died obscurely.

His tutor thought the world of Four,
He duly took a First in Law,
Success, as everyone foresaw,
Came quickly to him.

K.C. at forty! All the same
Seven it was who brought him fame—
Sent him the briefs that made his name
When no one knew him.

Six went abroad. The life he'd led
Meant that he had to, people said.
(They added, hearing he was dead,
"It seemed a pity.")
Stroke hit upon a sounder plan
To make his fortune. Soon began,
And still, "a wonderful old man,"
Adorns the City.

Cox? Well, the crew could not disguise,
In spite of jokes about his size,
Cox had his way—and one was wise
To grasp that clearly.
So small, so stern, he ruled them all
Afloat, ashore, in digs, in Hall—
He later governed half Bengal
No less austere.

Sixty years wiser, we can trace
How much of glory or disgrace
The future from each eager face
Was then concealing.
Godlike, we see it all so well—
Their stories now are ours to tell,
Strange that their picture should compel
So sad a feeling!



"Where's Junior, dear?"

CLAUSTROPHILIA

IT's an odd thing, I know, but whenever I'm told *not* to get into a wardrobe I invariably do. There is some streak of the rebel or the anarchist in me that makes me climb into forbidden wardrobes, just as lesser men will trespass on private grassland. When, therefore, I was confronted with the notice:

BITTE NICHT AUF DEN SCHRANK-
BODEN STEHEN
or (in rough translation):
PLEASE DON'T STAND ON THE WARD-
ROBE FLOOR

my course of action became instantly clear.

I did not, however, enter the *Schrank* immediately. I studied the notice very carefully, looking for possible traps. Former occupants of Room 23 in the Hotel Plaza-National, Zürich, had also been puzzled by the sign, for beneath it, in various hands and languages, ran cryptic pencilled requests for further explanation. An American visitor, for example, had written the words "What gives?"

The wardrobe was an undistinguished piece of furniture made of mahogany in the heavily ornate style of the late nineteenth century. One half of it, the left, consisted of drawers and shelves, while the other was a tall box fitted with a rod

from which hung a number of coat-hangers marked "Hotel Victoria, Basel." (The Swiss prefer Basel to Basle or Bâle.)

I tested the floor or *Boden* of the wardrobe with my fist and it appeared to be in excellent condition. Why, then, was I urged not to enter the compartment bodily? Why, indeed, did the management of the hotel feel that occupants of the room might be tempted to take this step?

There seemed to be three possible answers: a resident might wish to cut himself off from the din of the railway station (just across the road) by surrounding himself with walls within walls; or he might wish to read by the electric light inside the wardrobe (it was one of those automatic devices); or, again, he might wish to assuage his claustrophilia.

Could that be it? Could it be that the Swiss—hemmed, as they are, within their little cantons and mountain fastnesses—are martyrs to claustrophilia? The notion seemed ridiculous, and yet...

No, the notice meant much more than this, I decided. The management of a large hotel doesn't go looking for trouble: its house-rules are founded on experience. It will say "Our guests are politely requested not to throw their lighted cigars or cigarettes out of the

window in view of the danger of setting the awnings on fire" only after some idiot *has* thrown a lighted cigar or cigarette out of a window and set an awning on fire. Someone *must*, then, at some time or other, have entered the *Schrank* with disastrous results. Why? And with what disastrous results?

At last I came to a decision. I opened the wardrobe door and stepped in. The light was good. There was a slightly stuffy smell of moth-balls and old wool. The floor or *Boden* was strong.

I pulled the door shut behind me and the light went out. I sat down on the square floor with my knees tucked under my chin, and tried to think the matter out. I thought of Edgar Allan Poe's story, *The Tell-Tale Heart*; I thought of the detective methods of Holmes, French, Trent, Wimsey, Poirot, Thorndyke, Father Brown, Vance, Dupin, Cuff, Hanau, Tabaret, Lecoq, Lupin...

I don't know how long I sat there in the darkness, but suddenly I realized that the atmosphere had become heavy and oppressive. I pushed at the door and it did not yield. I got to my feet and pushed again. The door was locked.

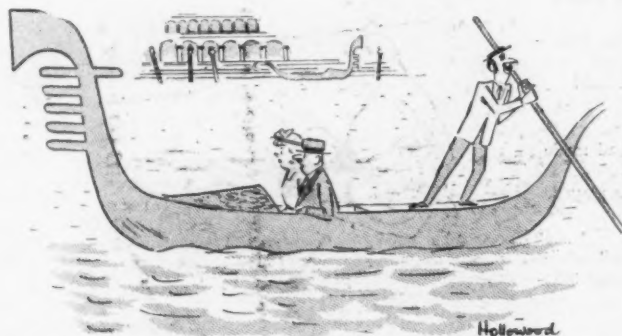
I did not panic. I leaned back and began to work out a plan of escape; and as I did so, as my back touched the woodwork, shafts of bright daylight streamed into the wardrobe over my shoulders. The door gave under my weight and I fell incontinently backwards on to the carpet.

For a few minutes I sat there wondering how I could possibly have mistaken the back of the wardrobe for the door: then I remembered that I had altered my position several times during my voluntary incarceration, particularly during the Thorndyke—Father Brown—Vance sequence.

Needless to say, I pursued my inquiries no farther. I contented myself with a pencilled addition to the comments beneath the "BITTE NICHT AUF DEN SCHRANKBODEN STEHEN" notice.

It was, without a doubt, the strongest comment of the lot.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"You know that stretch of the Manchester Ship
just as you leave Runcorn...?"



"What on earth makes you imagine that pupils of mine could possibly be involved in the desecration of an ancient landmark?"



"I don't think much of the sandwiches."

IT BROADENS THE MIND

I DON'T know how I came to be invited; if it was a mistake I can only say that it isn't likely to be made again. I was put on my mettle as soon as I saw the courtyard outside the house, looking like the nearest car-park to an Embassy reception; anyone else with a car like mine would have reversed smartly and left it outside the lodge, hoping that it would be blamed on the lodger. Not me. My car is like that and I don't care who knows it; I lined it up conspicuously beside a 1951 Stargleam convertible; the piece of clothes-line securing my spare wheel was clearly visible.

A man wrote in the paper the

other day that nine hundred thousand Britons are holidaying abroad this year; if he'd been at this party he would have met most of them in person. When my bit of the room, densely populated between the concert grand and a twelve-foot china cabinet, turned its conversation on holidays I determined to be shockingly frank about my own arrangements. It's the only way to keep your self-respect in company of this kind. The first one to ask me where I was going for my holidays would get it straight from the shoulder; I should reply loudly that being flat broke I was more concerned with scraping together a fiver to get my

telephone reconnected, and saw no point in wasting my substance sitting outside the Café des Tribunaux in Dieppe. And if they raised an eyebrow at Dieppe I should tell them that I'd never been able to get farther round the world than that, even when I was rolling. That would show them. (Of course I'm talking about peace-time. If I were a travel-snob I could make plenty of capital out of my afternoon at Alexandria in 1945, and my three days in Athens at about the same time; to say nothing of eighteen months as adjutant at Habbaniyah... "little spot on the Euphrates, quite unspoilt.")

The girl with the pearls and pale eyes was going to America for six weeks. She didn't want to go; she'd been before; once you'd been, you'd been, she said. But Archie had planned it as a surprise, and she supposed she must lump it. She supposed it couldn't be worse than Venezuela last year. Where was I going?—Oh, but first, could I be an angel and take her glass... oh, anything with gin would be divine.

There was a traffic-block between me and the private bar (by no means to be confused with a Private Bar) and a woman with fine eyes behind heavy shell glasses seized my arm and boomed: "Aren't they lucky! Don't you think so? Don't you think they're lucky?"

"Who?" I shouted in her ear. The din was considerable.

"The Canaries." I looked round but all I could see was people. "Victor and Lettice," she roared, jangling a bangle on a lean, sun-burnt arm that spoke of a winter on the Gold Coast—"Going to the Canaries. Fancy, all those bananas!"

All I could think of was that bananas can be got nearer home, and that by the time you've added in the first-class return fare a Canaries banana comes a bit expensive. But I didn't say it; I didn't even say that bananas always reminded me of my overnight stop in Cairo (in 1945), when a black man brought me some for breakfast and I had to think hard before I recognized them; because the woman hurried on with "I expect you've

planned something frightfully exciting this year, Mr.—Er? Personally I'm insisting on an *eating* holiday. George wanted to motor down to Monte Carlo again, of all things, but I——"

A red-faced man carrying three empty glasses between the fingers of each hand half-rose from the carpet between us. "I see you've met Lady Bludge," he said to me. "You ought to have a drink." I think the antithesis was unintentional. In any case, a host, as he later claimed to be, is not expected to listen to what he says in the execution of his duty. I fell on my hands and knees and followed him through the forest of legs. "Cranleighs are going to Austria again," he said over his shoulder, and, when we surfaced near the bar, "Do you mind having the cocktail? It's not going awfully well."

I said that I liked frankness, and that I would help him out. "You'll have to have a tumbler," he said, sloshing it in. I picked a slice of lemon off my sleeve and drank his health. The cocktail was warming. Not that I needed warming. "What do you put in it?" I asked him, genuinely interested. He answered absently, fiddling with his philtres and phials, that it was a lot of odds and ends of bottles he'd brought back from Brazil; or it may have been Uruguay. A tall lady in a gold choker came up at that moment and said to him "Dear, don't stand gossiping; a little man by the window has just died of thirst." My host raised four drinks high above his head and began to edge along the wall like a barman in a film stick-up, yelling "Marian, here's yours!" But the girl with the pearls and the pale eyes, the reluctant pilgrim, had not waited for him either, and held up two drinks gaily.

I refilled my tumbler. The clamour was terrific. Out of it emerged what might have been an attempt to dramatize a *Gazetteer of the World*. A rather pretty girl with very blonde hair and no eyebrows was saying to a small, fly-like man "Yes, I know—but this is what you might call the *Hove* end of Madrid..." The man nodded, as

if this made everything all right, and said, "I'm afraid it's Trouville again for us. Emily's mother, you know." At that moment it seemed to me as if the whole scene shimmered and became overlit; and out of the noiseless flash Lady Bludge materialized, her eyes swimming at me intently like dark and mysterious fish behind their powerful lenses. She seemed tremendously absorbed in what I was saying, and kept trying to reach my mouth with her ear. I thought that if it was as good as all that I ought to listen to it.

"... and I always think it's so amusing at the Parthenon," I was bellowing at her—"the way the attendant tears your ticket in half just as if you were at the local cinema. You get off the Number 26 tram, just outside the Evzones——"

"I thought the Evzones were——"

"Don't tell me you've never had dinner at the Evzones," I said. "It's the third—no, the fourth turning off the——"

"Tell me," she said, dropping her voice to a shout, "can you truly get a good meal there? George says the——"

"Best in Alexandria," I assured her. "There's a one-eyed waiter called——"

A man with a pear-shaped head who had snaked in under my companion's reticule said "I thought you were talking about Athens." I laughed. Good gracious, I said, there was a chain of Evzones all

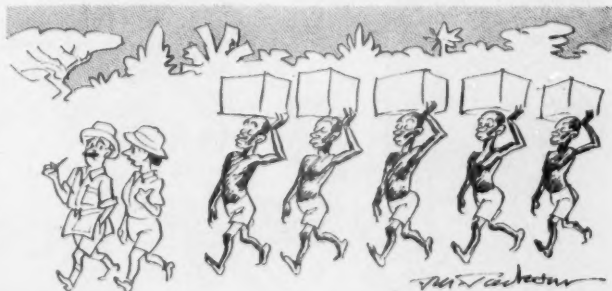
over the Middle East. I told him to mention my name. Any time. "Nobody," I said shrilly, "has really tasted beans-on-Welsh until——"

The rest of this was lost to me in a sudden burst of New Orleans jazz. Someone had found a radiogram. Before I knew it Lady Bludge and I were dancing. She had a curious sort of double-jointed action about the legs, noticeable even in the restricted space at our disposal. This space seemed to get less restricted as the dance went on, and when my partner at last thanked me and sat down in a small tray of cocktail onions there was quite a burst of applause. I bowed, and the rather pretty girl with very blonde hair and no eyebrows helped the fly-like man to help me up. "We hear you know some very exciting places for holidays," she said. So I told them all about my little place on the Euphrates, quite unspoilt, only forty miles from Baghdad, camels every hour on the hour. Everybody laughed enviously, and my host brought me another drink.

"Not while I'm dancing," I said.

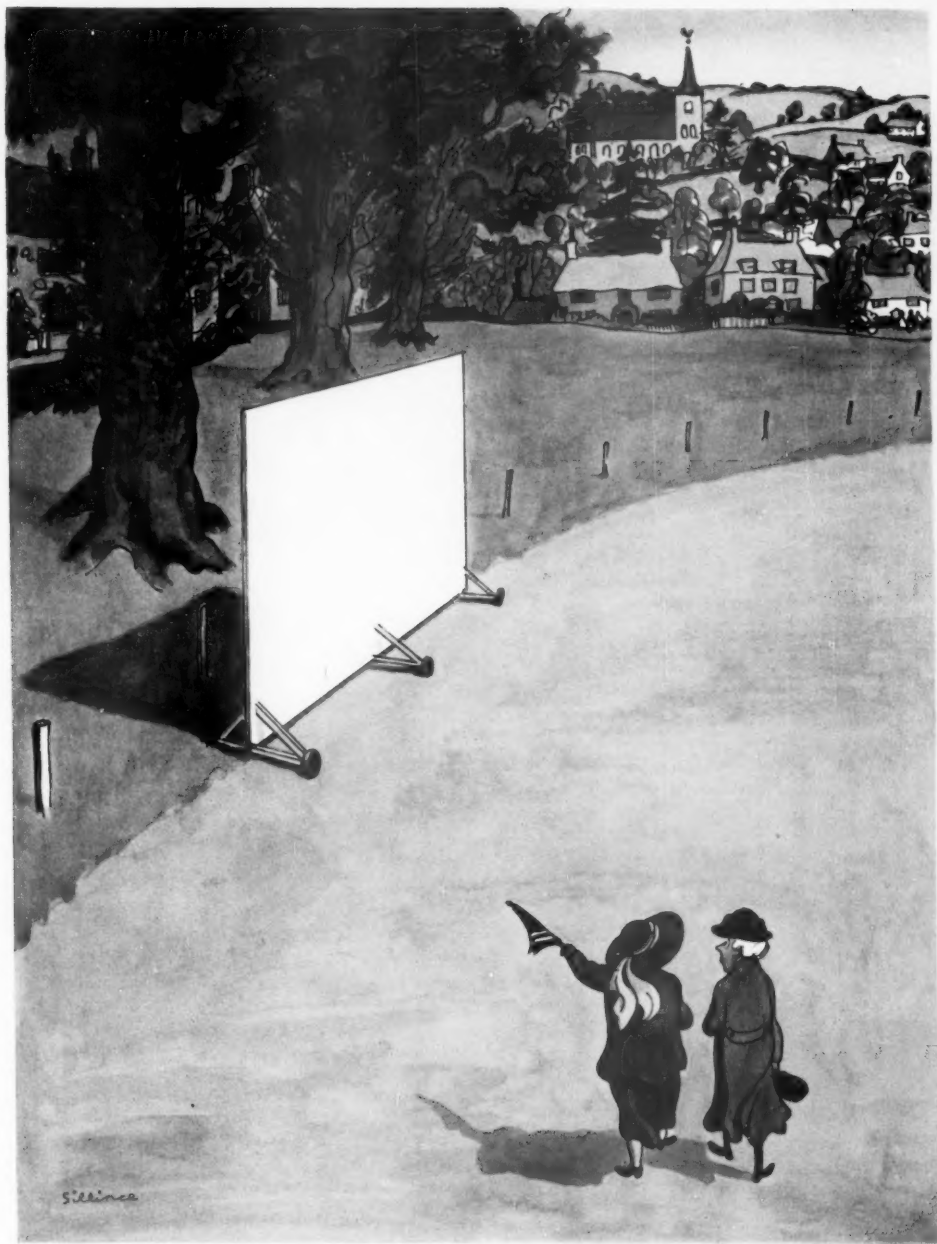
He said "Who's dancing?" and I saw that we were alone. I drained the glass of soda-water to the dregs. I thanked him for a wonderful party. "You must let me drive you home," I said, shaking both his hands.

But he wouldn't hear of it. He drove me. I wish he hadn't. Somehow, sometime, I've got to go back for my car. J. B. BOOTHROYD

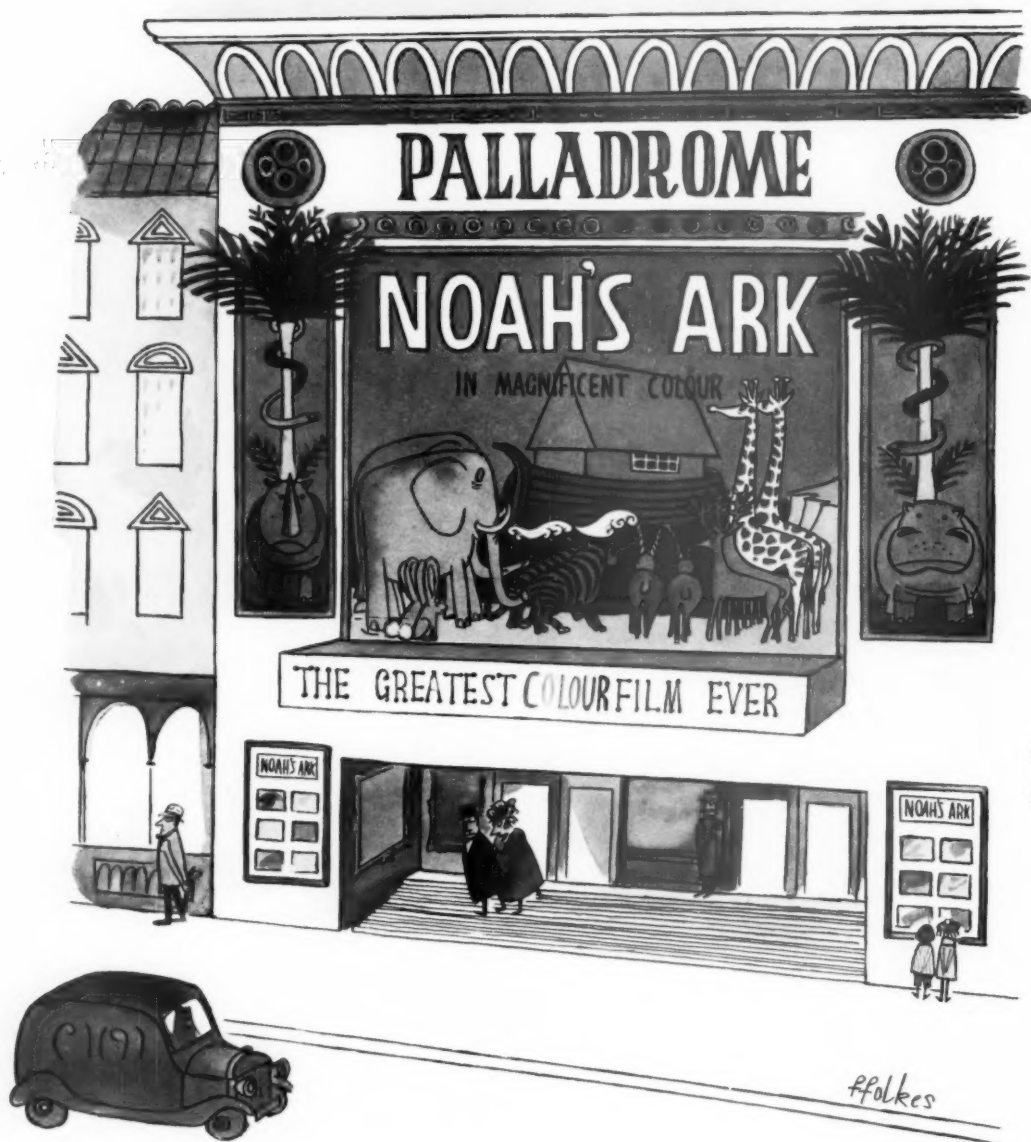


"We'd better decide about tipping."





*"If they must disfigure the green with such unsightly things,
they might at least paint them some unobtrusive colour."*



"I liked the bit about the penguins."

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My profession is a Civil Engineer, and for 6 years I served in the Royal Engineers.

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(Late) Major, R.E.

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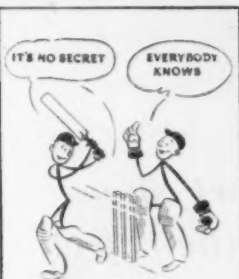
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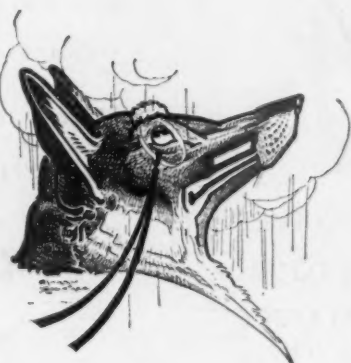
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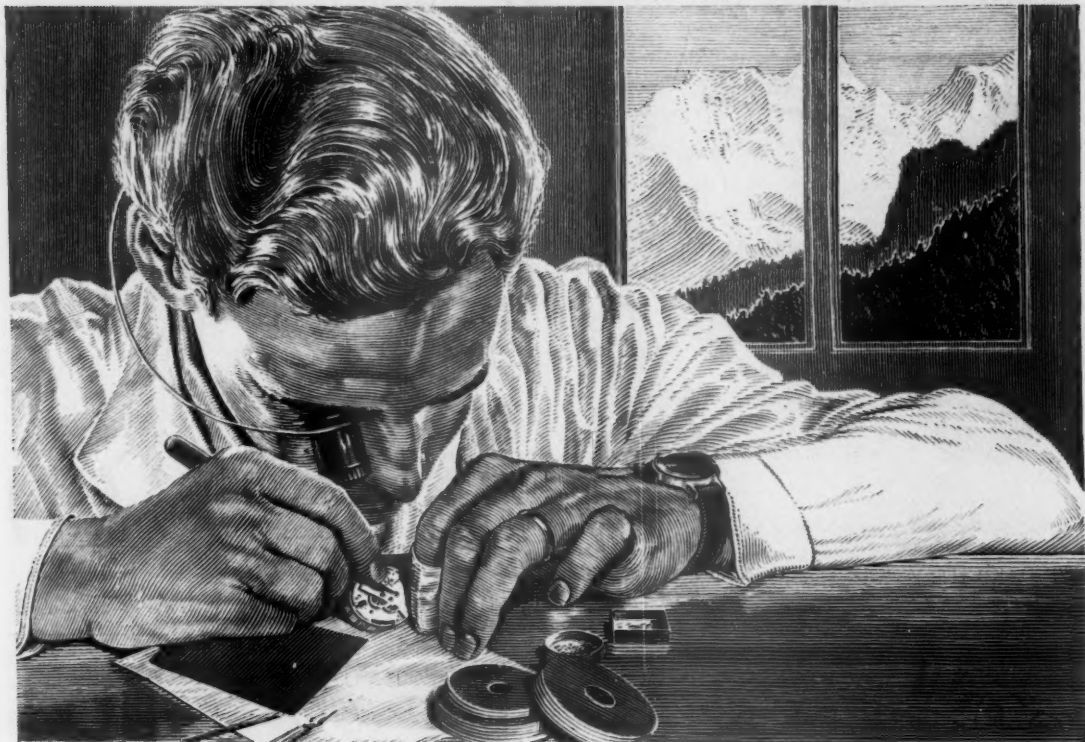
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PERFUMES

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK

SPORT in Schweppshire



Sport in Schweppshire is completely dominated by golf, where it was first played on the Border by Edward the Confessor. Football originated in the typical Schweppshire habit of kicking Opponent's ball into a bad lie.

Fishing devolved from the impoverished lads who dived for golf-balls in the stream guarding the first green at Royal Mid-Schweppshire; and Schwepsom Downs reminds us that horse racing stems from polo and that polo itself originated in the Schweppshire custom of playing golf on mules.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES. Holes done in one: this feat has been performed 984 times but at the tenth hole only, which measures 6,012 yards.

A putter is used from the 10th tee at the top of Ben McSchwiddie (or Old Spout) to push the ball to the soup-plate green at the bottom of the precipice. records (the August Sugar-Tongs, 18 holes Medal). The record in 1485 was 128.

This became 193 in 1760, when "Oh, do let me have that one again" was banned. In 1789, no play (French Revolution). But in 1803 the record was lowered to 102, when shuttlecocks were substituted for the old ball (composed of dried milk pudding in skin).

In 1926 the record was lowered to 72 (America discovers black and white golf shoes) and it became 62 in 1950 owing to imaginative interpretation of "Ball Deemed Unplayable".

(New Rules, Royal and Senile).

Our great source for early history is Samuel Schwepys, famous diarist of the Schwepppenteenth Century.

Written by
Stephen Potter
Drawn by
Lewitt-Hill

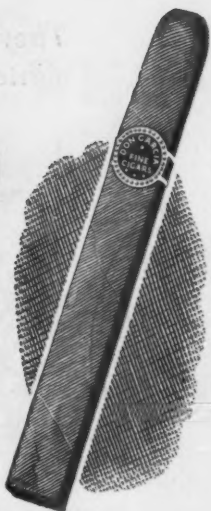
* He confessed, of course, after a medal round, that he took 9 not 6 shots in a bunker.

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



A fine Cigar

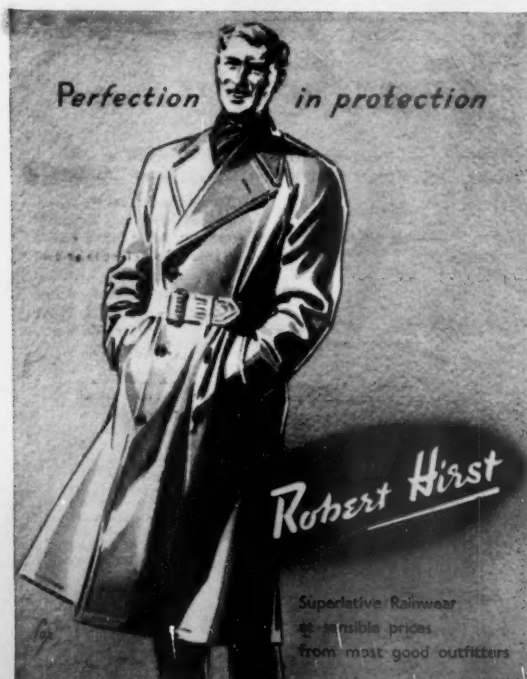
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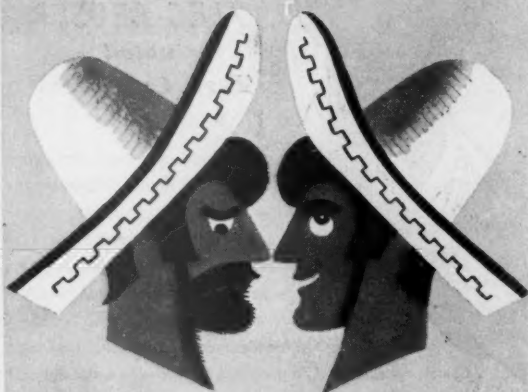
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20-blade Dispenser 5/4

Blue Gillette Blades



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ALEC BEDSER
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"Coate's Somerset Cider is more than a credit to the 'Cider County'—it's a credit to England", declares Alec Bedser, the Surrey and England fast bowler. "It has such a clean taste but, at the same time, a pleasant 'bite' which is the result of long maturing in wood... in fact for the best all-rounder, you can't do better than select Coate's, the cider that's so distinctive! Try it—you're the umpire!"

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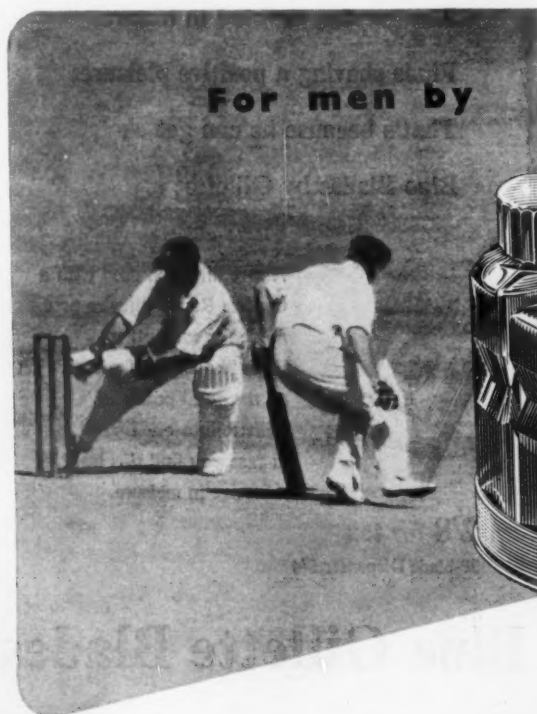
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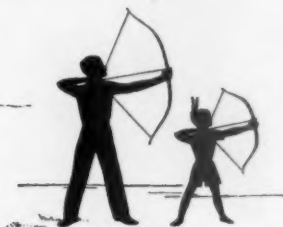
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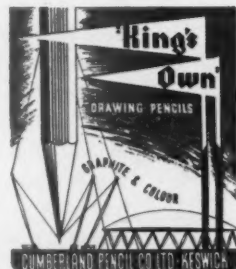


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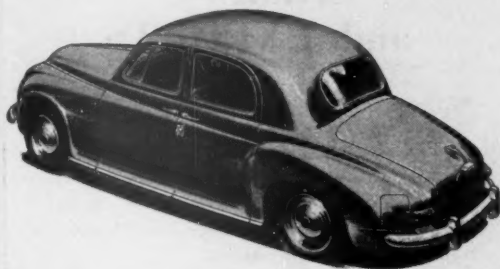
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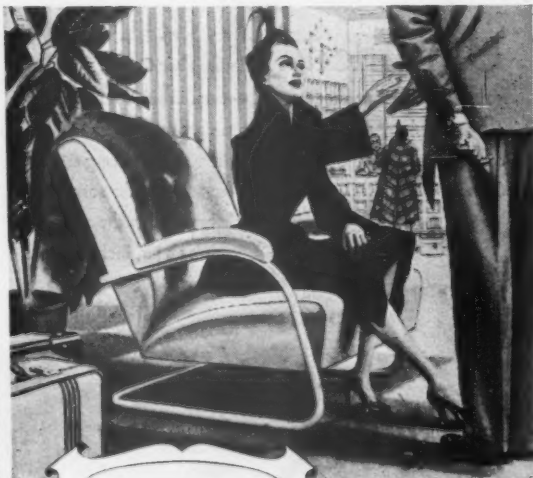
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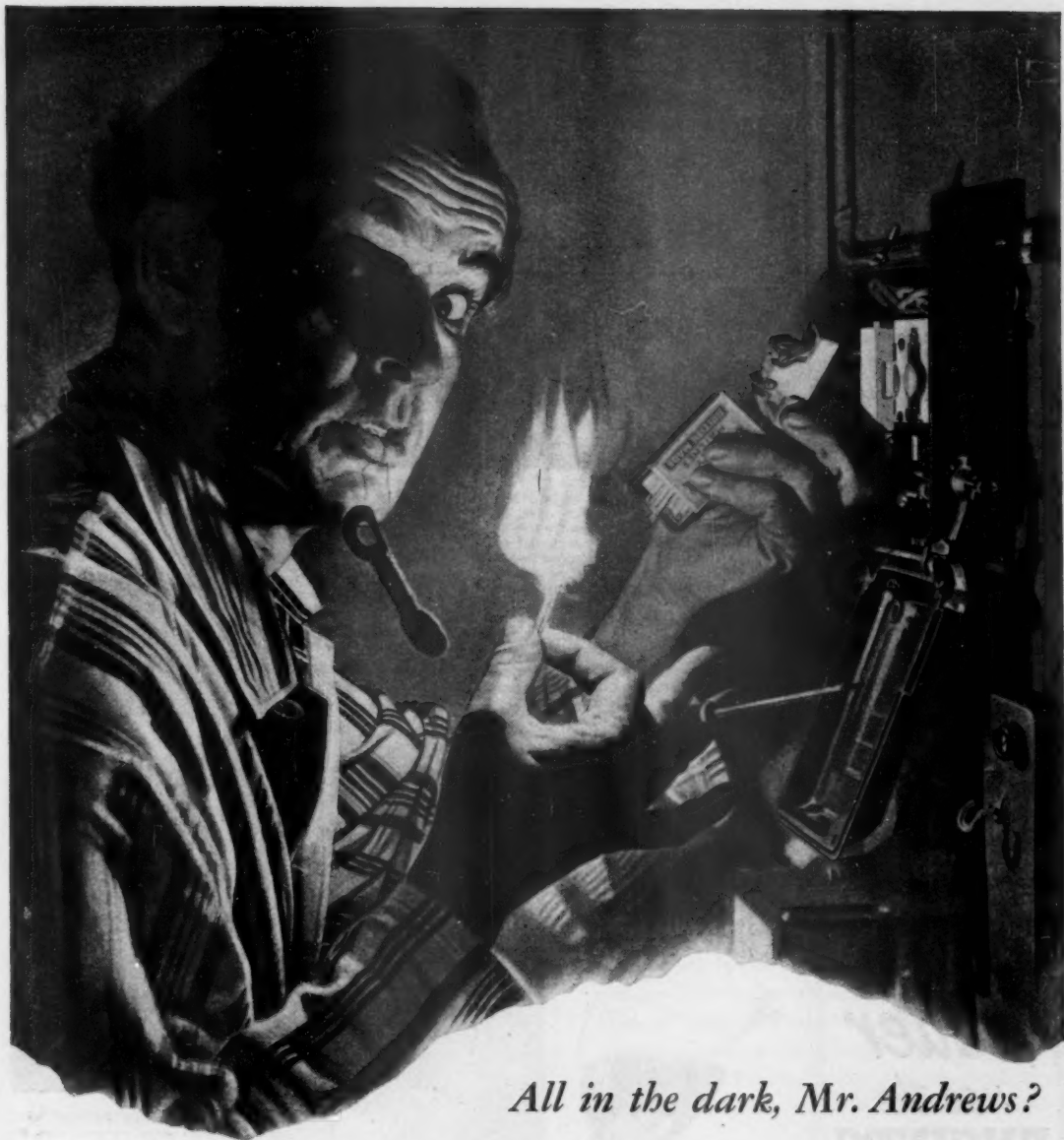
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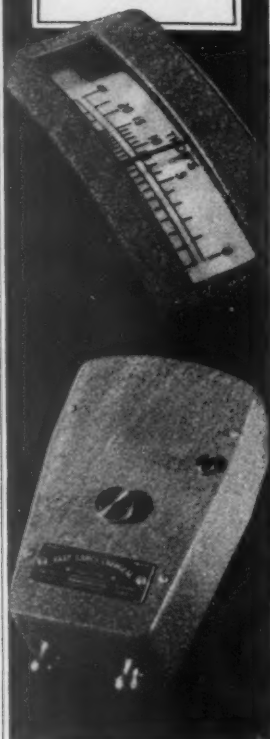


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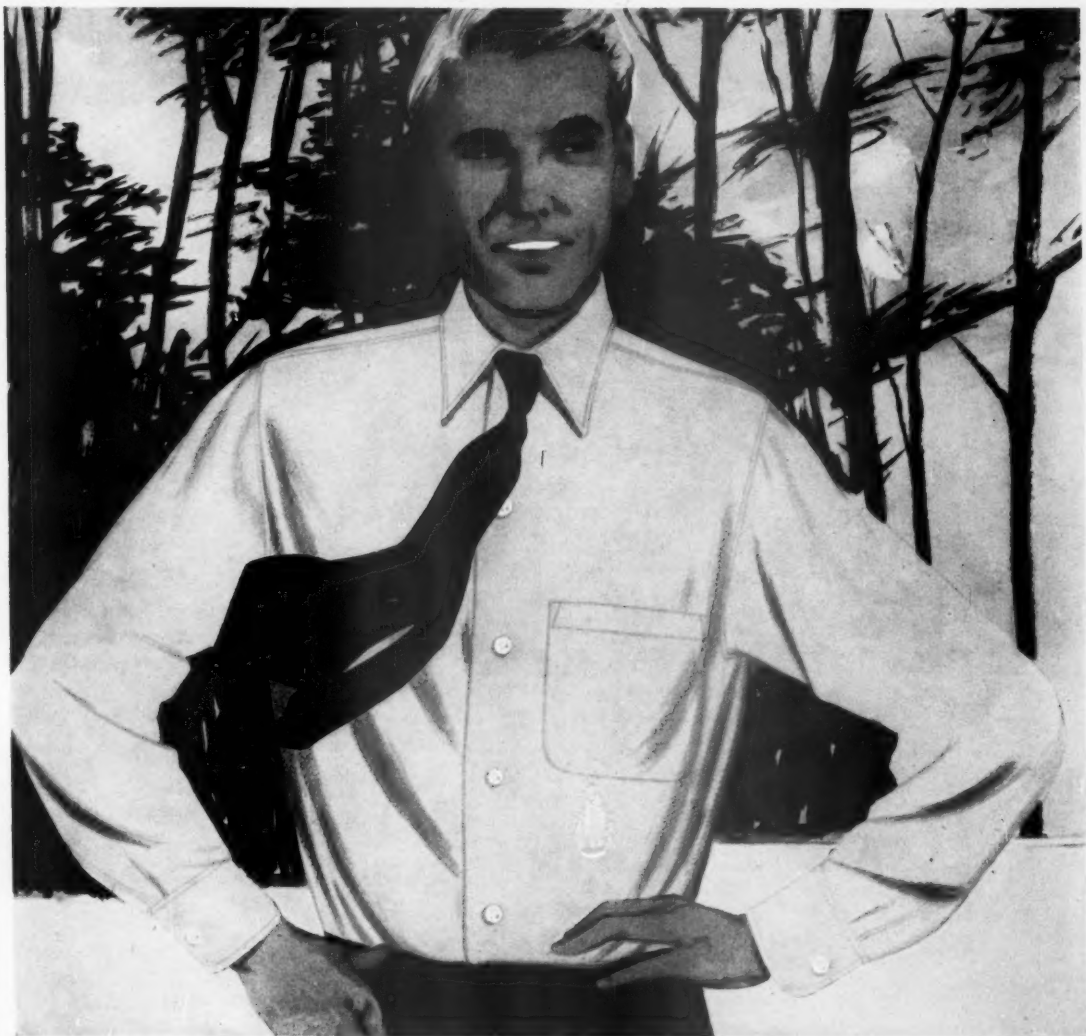


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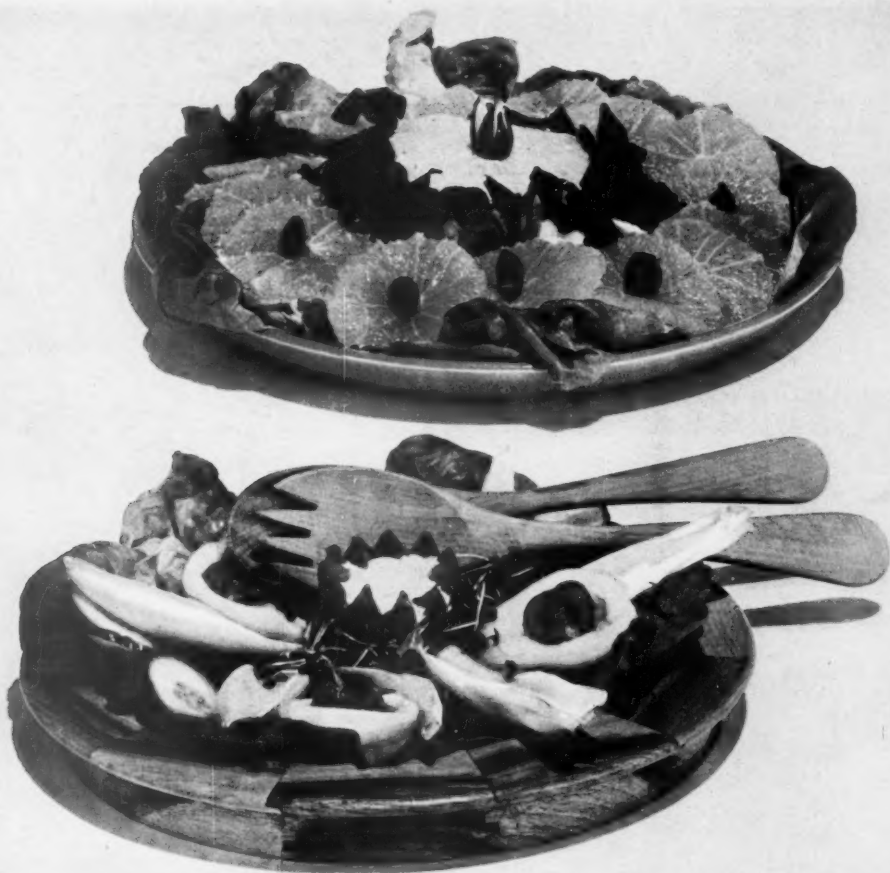
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